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FEBRUARY 1992 · ISSUE #109...

In other words not to get it wrong, it's pointless to walk when it's past time to run. Secured under the weight of watchful eyes, lulled to sleep under clear expansive skies.
— fugazi

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COVER

If they haven't broken up by the time this issue is in your sweaty palms, the Action Swingers should become the next punk rawk band to take the corporate music world by the balls and...well, you know the rest.

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LIFE WITH THE FAMILY
ENNDYE

OH YES, FEBRUARY, VALENTINE'S DAY. AN ODD OPPORTUNITY TO RENEW OR REVEAL LOVE. ONE DAY IN WHICH TO REDRESS A YEAR'S STALE HABIT OF INDIFFERENCE OR ACQUIESCENCE. THE WASTE OF LOVE TAKEN WITHOUT APPRECIATION—UNTIL, THAT IS, VALENTINE'S DAY. A SOP, TO SAY WITH GIFT OR CARD WHAT SHOULD BE EMBODIED IN ONE'S BEHAVIOUR. ALWAYS. I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THIS ACT OF LOVE THIS "PROOF." GIVE ME EVERYDAY LIFE-ENHANCING, CONSISTENT CHARM. OLD BEAN GIVE TIME ATTENTIVENESS INQUIRE AS TO THE STATE OF MY HEALTH. OH WRITE ME DELIGHTFUL LETTERS RELATE YOUR MISFORTUNES IN AN EDIFYING OR ESPECIALLY A HILARIOUS MANNER. I'D DO THE SAME FOR YOU. CHARM INHABITS THE ELDERLY. I'VE GOT LOVELY FRIENDS OF ALL AGES. IF YOU'VE PICKED YOURS OUT OF HABIT (I'VE KNOWN DEAR OLD HORACE FOR YEARS) OR CONVENIENCE (SAME AGE, SAME LOOK, SAME SIZE, LET'S SWAP CLOTHES. DIG MY BOY-FRIEND) YOU'VE NOT PICKED YOUR FRIENDS FOR CHARM. OH, EVEN CTR HAS NADWARS. CHARMING PEOPLE MAKE YOU WANT TO DO THINGS. ACQUIRE ABILITIES. SEE THE BEST SIDE OF THINGS. DRAW OTHERS INTO THE ACTIVITY OF LIFE. IN TRYING TIMES IT'S A LAUGHREALLY. JOYCE GARY DESCRIBED HIS FATHER, A PEENLESS MAN WITHOUT EXPECTATIONS, AS BEING THE JOY OF HIS FAMILY. DUE TO HIS LIFE-ENHANCING CHARM. BET HE NEVER GAVE THEM VALENTINES. ONCE A YEAR. MATE. PROUST A SUSPECTED SELF-CONVICTED SOCIAL CLIMBER. USED THE TOOL OF CHARM TO GREAT ADVANTAGE. NONETHELESS HIS FLATTERY AND ATTENTION ENCOURAGED THOSE ABOUT HIM TO BELIEVE IN THEIR BEAUTY AND TALENT. ONE NEEDN'T BE A PERFECT CREATURE TO AID WITH CHARM. HAVE YOU MET NADWARS? CHEEKINESS IS STIMULATING & FUN. GIVE ME A BIT OF CHEEKY CHARM & KEEP IT COMING ALL YEAR. THEN I'LL BE HAPPY TO ACCEPT TO BELIEVE IN TO RECEIVE YOUR VALENTINE.

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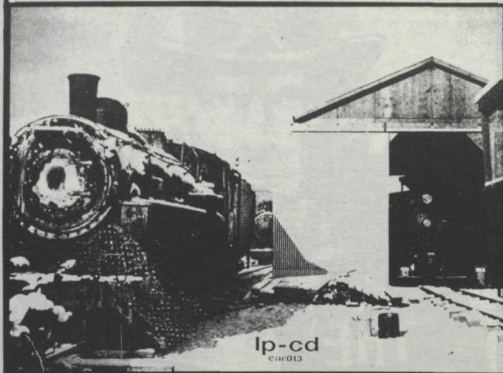
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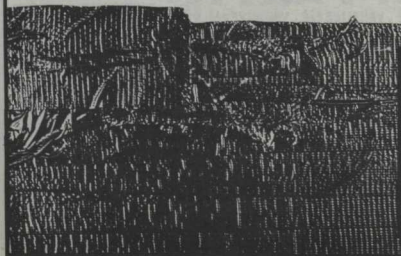


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that you mistook Alex Varty for Dennis Bates and the Ludwigs for Evil Twang?

I believe that it is also true that you—Yes You!—play in a local band called DOGFACE or something like that. If this is the case, it is not possible that you are using the local press as a means to improve the position of your band by 'slagging' the local competition?

In future I hope the copy editors at *Disorder* are quicker on their feet and "edit-out" your copy in its entirety or at least keep you away from great bands like DSK, SNFU and the Ludwigs.

Fuck Off,
Steve Smith
(Ludwigs Manager)

Well, well, well, what goes around comes around, or so they say, and

italize on all the hype, so as not to feel excluded I guess, and display his firm grip on the English language and his extensive vocabulary. Some examples: "dimwit", "acid", and even "knob". Well, his piece proved to be very informative and yet hypocritical as it said, "the Ludwigs haven't had such a good laugh at *Disorder's* expense since their last review." That being the case why did Eric Pyle (Ludwigs' vocalist) phone up the CITR offices on Christmas Eve and proceed to have a kamishipin (sic) regarding my article? Doesn't sound like laughter to me?

CURE: Ritalin and a heavy dose on the definition of sarcasm (Dictionary is spelled d-i-c-t-i-o-n-a-r-y).

Andy Warhol said that everyone will have their fifteen minutes of

game 7 of the '86 NHL Stanley Cup Finals? Names say a lot don't they? That's why I think it would be in your best interest, Mr. Steve Smith, to leave the Scooter you're referring to out of this. The ex-Hard Rock Miner in which you refer to is not the same person as me and had you have done your homework, Rule 1 in your "two simplest rules of Journalism", you would have found out that I am but a humble editorial/freelance writer for a nationally distributed music magazine. To me this is fun.

As far as copy editors at *Disorder* editing-out my copy in its entirety...won't happen. We haven't had this much fun since the last Ludwigs' review.

Next time you get the urge to read and reply follow these four simple rules:

- 1) Remove head from ass;
- 2) Place tongue in cheek;
- 3) Check your facts;
- 4) Get the other side of the story.

Don't waste my time. All my love,
Scooter

HELP, HELP, HELP

Dear *Disorder*,

I'd appreciate it if you could print this letter in your February issue of *Disorder*.

I'm an ex-Vancouver record (ex-demo) producer (Silent Gathering, The Rainwalkers, The Faith, Pedestrian Sacrifice, etc.) who moved to Japan last year in search of fame and fortune. Somewhere along the way I stumbled upon a low budget independent film in which I'm currently working on the soundtrack.

Although I am working on this with some Japanese Bands, I'd like to use some Vancouver Bands on the soundtrack as well.

I'm looking for music that fits into one of the following categories:

- a) alternative pop—basically I need some good pop songs to feature in the movie (e.g. The Dylans, Venus Deads, Robyn Hitchcock, Billy Bragg, etc.);
- b) dark acoustic pop—no examples come to mind—but I need something depressingly dark.
- c) Angelo Badalamenti-style theme music (*Twin Peaks*, *Blue Velvet*).

In particular, I would encourage submissions from The Picasso Set and Planet of Spiders.

If you'd like to submit a demo please send a cassette with your name, address, and telephone number to the address below. For a) and b) all submissions must be of release quality. Please send all submissions by air mail. Sorry, no tapes can be returned. Please send all submissions by February 29, 1992.

Thanks for your help *Disorder*.

Sincerely,

Wes C. Smith
2-4-8 Fukiage, Apt. 5C
Kopo Fukiage Bldg.
Chikusu-Ku, Nagoya City
Aichi 464, JAPAN

You're welcome

Dear friends,

I'm writing you this letter to let you know about the Girl Trouble fan club (The Trouble Club) I'm starting with.

"Shit another fan club." Yeah, but this is a serious one, nothing to do with all those pretentious guys idolizing their asshole "heroes". My main purpose is to offer information and let the world know about the great bands of the Northwest. Information and fun to all the boys and girls who want to join this experience.

I think you already know this cool band but I enclose some info in case.

Obviously all my effort would be in vain if you don't print this in your mag, so, please do me the greatest favour and try to write some lines about this in your next issue. Thanks.

People who want to become members can write to me at:

PO Box 18107
28080
Madrid, SPAIN.

Immediately they will start receiving info about the band almost every month, including photos, posters... All these things cost money so I will do some T-shirts, badges and cassettes in a near future and try to sell them cheaply.

Your mag will be receiving all this too.

This is all right now.
Thanks, all the best,
Unal Smiley

SCOOTER WITH ONE S

Scooter,

The fact that you so brazenly assert your right to pontificate on the state of the alternative music scene and the various qualities of the musicians within that scene is no excuse for spreading false and slanderous information. The statement (referring to Dennis Bates), "...maybe even from that blowhard at the *Georgia Straight* who sings for that shitty local band, The Ludwigs, and tries to tell us all that Chi croons for them when it's really himself, Mr. Dennis Bates..."

To be specific: Dennis Bates is not and has never been a member of Vancouver's Ludwigs. (The same is true of Chi Pig as was falsely stated, not long ago, in another article about SNFU in the *Georgia Straight*.) I know; I am the Ludwigs' manager.

This continuous confounding of names is only further evidence of the generally low journalistic standards in the local press. There is however a considerable difference between the error made by the *Georgia Straight* and the error in your article: Their's was an error yours was an intentional statement attached to a slanderous hypothesis.

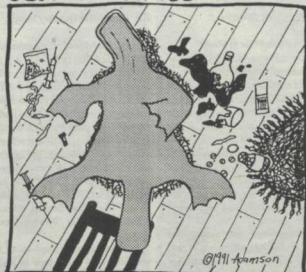
If you had bothered to apply the two simplest rules of journalism you would have avoided making an error which casts a long shadow of doubt upon the veracity of your writing. Let alone the quality of your opinions:

- 1) Check your facts! (This is particularly important in cases where you intend to slander someone.)
- 2) Get the other side of the story. (Also a good idea when you are slandering someone.)

A phone call to the *Straight* would have revealed that Dennis Bates is not and has never been a member of the Ludwigs—as a matter of fact none of us even know him—but that also the error was made during copy editing, not by Dennis Bates at all! I know because I called them—their number is 681-2000 and is public information. The first point alone disproves your hypothesis that Dennis Bates was lying and manipulating the *Georgia Straight* for his own personal gain.

The only musician I know who works for the *Straight* and plays in a local band is the guitar player for Chris Houston's Evil Twang. Is it at all possible that you are so out to lunch

© STUPID DUMMY HEADS ©



ONCE EVERY FIFTY-FOUR YEARS A SINGLE PLATYPUS DIES OF A DRUG OVER DOSE. THINK ABOUT IT.

I'm print proof to that over the last 7-8 weeks I'm proud to say, if some of you are wondering what all the hub-bub is about it all started with Dennis Bates, a so-called freelance writer, stating in his SNFU piece that Chi Pig (SNFU vocalist) was the lead crooner for local band—I use the term loosely—the Ludwigs. I know, as does the rest of the SNFU listening population, that Chi has NO musical ties with the Ludwigs at all. When I talked with Mr. Chi Pig on this matter he voiced that he was quite upset by this allusion and wanted it corrected. That I set out to do and that I did [Issue 108, January 1992].

I've learned over the years that there is no better route to redemption than through sarcasm. People are weak...spineless...jellyfish, and apparently they breed like rabbits when red ink is thrown on them. Man, I went fishing for pinches and lost my lure to sucker-fish. I know, those whiskered, slimy, suction-cupped, excrement-colored fish that fod (sic) upon the bottom of lake beds?

So, to even things up and point out Bates' error I turned the tables on him all the while excluding his integrity as a journalist. A fine piece it was too. NOT!

Then this guy from Nite Moves crept into this and decided to cap-

fame, well Wig Wig from Nite Moves your time is up. As for the Ludwigs they're milking this for all that it's worth, and if you'll note that isn't much because the publications in mention are all free.

So the plot thickens and the plot sweetens upon arrival of the fax from Ludwigs' manager Steve Smith. Wasn't that the name of the loser from the Edmonton Oilers who scored on his own goalie during

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Welcome to the madcap world of Joel Rydstrom and Magnus Fransson of Sweden's Cat Rapes Dog, a duo whose latest Cargo releases, God, Guns & Gasoline and The Banzai Beats, have them perched on the top rope set to lunge Doc Martens first into the technopunk ring.

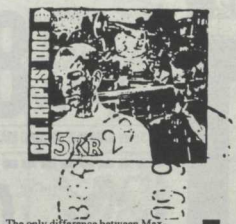
Discorder: Could you please give us a bit of Cat Rapes Dog history?

Fransson: We formed in 1986 in Sweden...in a sawmill, I think it was, banging on different stuff we could find. We were influenced by a lot of stuff like early SPK and Text Dept. Later on it was a lot of gothic material like the Sisters of Mercy and Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry as well as a lot of Swedish punk and Belgian music like Neon Judgement and Poésie Noire. In the beginning we couldn't afford to buy real instruments so we rented and built them ourselves. We

boring. You can of course also find Michael Bolton and Kylie Minogue in our charts. They're so cute they make me want to puke!

Are Roxette big in Sweden as they are in Canada or is this just another example of our poor taste in music?

Roxette's very big in Sweden and almost everywhere else right now, but they only became big here after they made #1 on the Billboard charts. That just shows how very influential Sweden is by North America. Nitzer Ebb, 242, D.A.F. obviously are a big influence on you, are Cat Rapes Dog a second generation electro band? Nitzer Ebb, Front 242 and D.A.F. were not a big influence at all. We are much influenced by punk and bands like Cabaret Voltaire and Jesus & Mary Chain. Now we like stuff by Shamen, Dead Can Dance, Ministry and KLF. Could you please name some of



The only difference between Maximum Overdrive and God, Guns & Gasoline is that on GG&G the songs are better arranged and produced but the style is just about the same. Banzai Beats though is quite different from the other two. It's much dancier, inspired mainly by house and techno, while the other two are more rock and roll based. On Banzai Beats we also introduce our new member Annelie Bertilsson. I think her voice is a nice contrast against Joel's.

Are Sweden in support of King Carl XVI Gustav and Queen Silvia?

Yes, I think so. They're pretty harmless really. They give good publicity and stuff. It's kind of neat with a King and Queen, like a fairy tale. And who cares if they've got shit for brains. Besides, they give you something to die for if you go to and that's a nice thought!

What environmental problems face Sweden? It seems like the government has taken many steps to improve matters.

The forests and the lakes in the south and middle parts of Sweden are dying. The government isn't doing much. It's all talk as usual. They're just a bunch of hypocrites and bastards anyway.

What effects did the Chernobyl disaster have on Sweden? Would you care to talk about that?

The only fact I know is that for a couple years people didn't eat reindeer meat.

by Karen Toddington and Lloyd Ulliana

Well, being one of the number one rookies at CTR, Nardwar (who arrogantly thinks I am his prodigy) thoughtfully got me free tickets to the Hitting Birth show at the Cruel Elephant. OK, good deal, but I'm under 19 and a little timid when it comes to doing interviews but things worked out great. Hitting Birth were amazing! Never before have I seen such an intense and powerful band at the Cruel Elephant. Their show consisted of a lot of rhythm, smoke and one particular woman screaming and singing while doing a lot of primitive, ritualistic movements. And they were sooooooie. A bit weird, but nice.

Hitting Birth are:

Daniel - bass guitar

Eari - drums

Keith - drums, percussion

Kristen - vocals, percussion

Reverend Rob Roy - shopping cart, sampler, tape loops and found instruments

Discorder: Do you like Vancouver?

Hitting Birth: We love it. We love Vancouver, love it.

(amazed by huge enthusiastic response) Better than Portland?

HB: This place is so separate. This place is so comfortable. It is our second home other than Portland, yeah.

What is the significance of your name?

Kristen: To me it means that we're coming to a point where it's the beginning and we come up against conflict and we use it to rebirth ourselves...to be reborn.

What's the biggest difference between Canada and the States? Are there a lot?

HB: Oh man, um...I know, I know, the Miranda Rights here. Yeah, there's no Miranda Rights here.

(being dumb and ignorant) What's that? (Actually the question was asked in about as much ignorance as an American's question regarding Canada. P.E.)

HB: You have the right to remain silent.

You have the right to legal counselling. You can choose not to talk to police. We don't have those rights either but at least it's written down somewhere.

Kristen: Yeah, because unfortunately we're practically under martial law in the States. Daniel: Well, in the United States we have a version of the Constitution written on a piece of rice and they don't have anything like that up here. Kristen: Hump?

Daniel: No, [a Constitution written] on a piece of rice! Some Chinese guy wrote the Constitution on a piece of rice. I'm serious. **What are your influences...favorite bands?**

Daniel: Anything we've ever seen has influenced us in one way or another.

Keith...and smelled and touched and tasted and felt and sensed...

Any bands you like?

HB: Tio Puntic and Ravi Shankar are gods. 800 years of...Ahmed Muhammed, Lucifer... Any Bolenise music. We don't limit ourselves at all, we're open to whatever. Anything from Abba to Zappa.

What are your future plans? Are you putting anything together?

Daniel: We have a 12" single that's going to be released on TK records and other than that we have a couple of tapes out.

Kristen: We're planning on doing some more recording within the year.

How is the Portland scene?

HB: Thriving, it's thriving. It's humpin' man, it's serious. There's a lot of burning bands in Portland. It's exploding and the eyes are turning from Seattle to Portland because they're getting tapped.

I went to Portland once.

HB: How'd ya like it?

I was there five minutes and I saw two drug deals. (Hitting Birth gives vivacious, loud and positive response.) Any last comments for the people of Vancouver?

HB: Come on out and see our show every time we come. We love Canada. We might have to live here some day...move up here. Yep, we'll move up here, get a farm and then everyone can come and see us there. Send a letter of reference to the Queen.

Right now we're rather influenced by the techno-rave stuff and things like "Beers, Steers and Queers" by the Revolting Cocks. (Joel Rydstrom)

made three cassettes which were not very good, but in 1988 we got a contract with a Swedish record label, Front Music Production, and later on we were licensed to KK Records in Belgium.

Several anti-American themes arise in God, Guns & Gasoline ("American Dream" and "Homo Bulldozer") or the broader excesses of capitalism—Sex, weapons, religious fanaticism, political power—Are swedes by nature anti-American? Does American culture play a large role in the lives of Swedes?

Swedes are by nature pro-American and the American way of life is admired by a lot of people here, but they are idiots of course.

Being relatively isolated from Britain and the continent, does a strong scene exist, or are Swedish charts dominated by English bands?

Yes, the Swedish charts are dominated by English bands but also by a lot of Swedish artists which are mostly

the bands from Sweden that perhaps paved the way for us in the field of electronic body music?

We weren't known actually apart from Car Skid & Crash, but their kind of music was a bit different from ours. So we were the first actually, together with a Swedish band called Sepulchre Incorporated. But they haven't done anything since their first single.

Cat Rapes Dog is based in Sweden but do you spend much time in Europe?

Sweden is part of Europe, actually, but since you're from the other side of the Atlantic Ocean I didn't expect you to know that. We've done a couple of tours in Germany and an occasional gig in Holland and Belgium. We're not that keen on playing live. Once a month is quite enough for me.

Is there a difference between Maximum Overdrive and God, Guns & Gasoline and where does the Banzai Beats EP fit into the picture?



MINIMALIST JUG BAND

by REDD McJANN

One guy; maximum twenty minutes on stage, he precludes anyone from Groovy Religion to Gordon Gao (Violent Femmes) with successful pop looks into the grassroots pop culture that all three of the aforementioned blasphemers take a stab at. The Minimalist Jug Band is a guy named Al with a washbub, a broom handle and a big ol' string that joins the two. With battery-powered wind-up gear, and a host of other ever-changing sidekicks that add extra sponk to the blend of classic, obscure and downright surreal pop that Al rips off, strings together and most often drastically changes the meaning of. Discorder: I wanted to ask you about your songwriting technique.

AL: What, you mean do I write the music first?
 Dr: No, I just wondered if you went through your record collection subconsciously?
 AL: Like if I was working or doing something and a line from a song goes with it you sorta think "Why is that stuck in my head?" Some of it's advertising, some of it's pop songs but I write some of the lines myself.
 Dr: I guess the one that goes "I'm a lousy lover, I'm a lousy lady" is yours eh?
 AL: That's a good song, you don't hear many current performers trum-peting their impotence.
 AL: A lot of the stuff I do is just poking fun at the whole r&w/roll thing and what it's caught in.

Dr: Had much stage experience?
 AL: I started in '84 in Toronto on stage—4 minutes a month and worked my way up to playing on the street.
 Dr: Worked your way UP to playing on the street?
 AL: Well that meant I got to play for longer. I started at the Beverly Tavern on "Elvis Mondays" After the first year I could do what I was doing for as long as three minutes. (He grew up here and moved to the big T.O.)
 Dr: What's happening with "Elvis Mondays" now?
 AL: I think Chris Houston is starting it up at the Town Pump. Maybe it will work out here where people can get up on stage without already having a video and blablablah.

place that kind of takes away from the culture where Toronto, wellthat's all it has so maybe people are a bit more intense about it.
 Dr: So do you borrow from a lot of old stuff?
 AL: Yeah, like 20's stuff.
 Dr: You borrow lines from 20's songs?
 AL: Well, the satire and also I do a lot of blues stuff I think me and E.J. Brule have a better chance with the over 30 crowd.
 Dr: What's happening with "Elvis Mondays" now?
 AL: I think Chris Houston is starting it up at the Town Pump. Maybe it will work out here where people can get up on stage without already having a video and blablablah.

Dr: Have you checked out the Cruel Elephant?
 AL: The new one? No, from what I heard it's a pretty decent place.
 Dr: What made you decide to do the whole Minimalist thing?
 AL: Well I didn't get any offers to play with other people. If I did play in a band I'd have to have some function and I can't really sing or play so that would be no good.
 Dr: Have you played anywhere where the audience was particularly unresponsive?
 AL: Playing at O.C.A. (Ontario College of Art) Most college or art things go over badly with people grabbing at my equipment and my little wind up drumming bear and the power

yanked from my mike at the Pursuit of Happiness. Nothing happens that would make a good story except maybe the Shadow Men getting beaten up.
 Dr: What do you do when your not performing?
 AL: Work in a tortilla chip factory.
 Dr: Do you have any crowd preferences?
 AL: I'll do a jazz band or a hardcore band or a poetry reading. It's actually better if I don't know what the audience is going to be like. So I don't sculpt my songs to their likes and dislikes. Although I find neurotic people tend to like it better than well adjusted people.

BARE NAKED LADIES

by Shawn Bouchard

It's 1992. Excuse me, did everyone hear that? That includes Toronto. Has everyone heard the one about the band who wanted to play music but couldn't because they what called themselves was offensive? You haven't, well let me tell you then.

Way back in 1991, New Year's Eve celebrations were held in downtown Toronto—anyone know that world class city that they are always happy about. Anyway, continuing with the story, a certain band was supposed to play a pretty nifty crowd of friends and family and who knows else that could get themselves down to city hall. But no the band wasn't allowed to play. Why, you may ask, was the band pulled from the line-up? Because of their name.

What name could be so possibly offensive to so many people? What moniker could drive enough fear into the hearts of the festivity coordinators that they would scratch the act from performing? How many lawsuits, and court cases could be filed against the city if this band took to the stage? How many people would die, outright die, drop dead on the spot if they chanced to overhear the group being announced? How many children would be scarred for life if their innocent ears happened to witness the Barenaked Ladies play before a live audience?

Have people gone mad? I am asking this question in earnest. Have people really gone that far around the bend that they would consider BANNING a musical troupe from playing because their name suggests honest open nudity? Are the times that politically correct that ladies who wish to be nakedly bare cannot be discriminated against? Or are the times so politically correct that ladies and naked can't be mentioned in the same sentence, not to mention the same decade? What is happening to us? Why are we doing this to ourselves? Can anyone answer?

We are living in an age where wars are depicted by television media as scenes in pseudo realistic G.I. mannequins. People die, schools, hospitals, and homes were bombed although we never saw any of that because the U.S. Army hired a P.R. consultant to sell war to TV land. And the Barenaked Ladies were barred from playing; what makes more sense?

If the public is so sensitive as it apparently is (according to the censors who limit our access), then why can a nuclear family of four stomach 3 hours of television each night and not wince and cringe at the violence and the ideology displayed before them? The influence of a select few chose what the audience at Nathan Phillips Square had a RIGHT to see. Of course if you try to find out who banned the Barenaked Ladies you will get nowhere. Someone will tell you that so and so said so, and when you contact to say so the "I'll say the never said what someone said the said. Censorship is a wall. Once in place, once erected it is damn hard to tear down. So we can't say it and let another row of bricks be added.

Let us not forget that it was just the name of the band that got them struck down; their music wasn't questioned, their lyrics weren't linked with Satan, just their name was OFFENSIVE-OOOOOH. How awful to think of bare naked ladies running down the stage singing. It only conjures up humorous and imaginative vignettes in my mind. But no we can't have that impression running down the crowd, not on New Year's Eve. Gosh, what could happen.

Thousands of sex-crazed, demoralized teens and parents might strip naked on December 31st and party it up—but I add that the evening was an all ages affair, i.e. no booze. Come on Toronto, pull the coals outta your ass and have a little fun, it's a new year for god-sake!



It was a foul and grey Christmas holiday. Unless Santa had put any cocaine in those stockings hung at the chimney with care, all those had hoped for a white Christmas came up losers. Worst even its around this time of year that all the writers in the big-time media circles come up with their years best and worst. Arrogant self-centred lists that only those who subscribe to Esquire or the New Yorker could be interested in.

Don't expect any of that tripe from me. Just try to be incisive insightful enough to compile a list of the importance of the year, after spending the last week of 1991 incommunicado from friends and family in a cheap room at the Balmoral with two from Paris, and you'll have about as much success as David Lee Roth's last album.

Yes, don't worry about any of those trendy annual high-brow lists coming from me. The Christmas holidays in my home were no different from those in previous years. The elder members of the family arrived at my home on time with their walkers and their toothy like some kind of geriatric caravans, then jabbered like magpies about what prescriptions they were on and what organs they've lost since the previous Christmas they was each other, and drooled out questions to me about if they still have the "glee clubs" at UBC. Then, after getting punch drunk on egg-nog they staggered out the door slipping and sliding on their own vomit as they stumble drunkenly into the night. But, each year their numbers get fewer and fewer, and eventually they will leave me the best Christmas present of all; Solace.

Anyway, it has been an interesting year to say the least. The music world was disappointments. Fine bands are nevermore like Jane's Addiction and The Men They Couldn't Hang. And the Real World looked grim, as the coup in the Soviet Union made me feel like I was back in the USSR for those two day follow-ups as it seemed like the whole seven years of Gorbachev must have been a drunken blow-up party and now it was time for the hangover. In fact, there was so much news to be had from the Berlin wall to the BCCI scandal that it really no wonder that there are so many of these "1991 —The Year in Review" lists, because of all the prospects to choose from. The humorists had Pat Wee Herndon, the feminists had a whole selection of icons to champion (and strangely loose), the patriots had their yellow ribbons, and the East Germans now had the availability of good denim. Even nationally the cog wheels of political action were turning when rumours abounded that Brian Mulroney himself was looking to play musical chairs with Perez de Quayzar for the United Nations Secretary General position. I want the heart to know that our loyal Prime Minister was thinking of abandoning ship as Canada was coming apart at the seams just as he can rest his soft ass in New York as opposed to being held responsible in Ottawa for Canada coming apart like a poorly laced shoe.

There were almost as many reports about the Gulf War as there were about the success of Nirvana's "Nevermind" in the press. But what really stood out in 1991 was the boredom and general mood of tedium that allowed other people to get stomped on like hot grapes. This boredom has been growing. Think back to Berlin —few seemed that impressed for more than the time it takes to listen to one Ramone's song that the Berlin Wall had come down, everybody except the Berlbers

of course. And the French —who as soon as the wall came down went to check to see how bad the Maginot Line had rusted and if it could be salvaged and finished after all these years just to be safe.

But it's the boredom that the general public had with world strife like the fall of the USSR & that the lack of questioning most people had with the "U.S. Pool Tape" in the Gulf War that seemed to turn so many people's heads to watch smutty congressional testimony and to poke their heads into William Smith's affairs that seemed to have occupied most people's attention. And speaking of those smutty Yellow ribbons that the yankt used to symbolically show their support for the Gulf War, did the press pick up on the dissenters in the U.S., did even The Province, in between the Smile-of-the-Day and the A&B Sound advertisements stick in the story about the Houston couple that disagreed with the Gulf Conflict, and neglected to put a yellow ribbon on their front door? They were dragged from their bed in the middle of the night in their bedclothes & beaten like rented mules by masked assailants who cursed at them and shaved their heads for not being patriotic and kicked them, like Peter Beardsley on acid, on the couple's very own front porch.

These days I imagine people are more inclined to know what monthly magazine they can find Cindy Crawford in, rather than even try to figure out what the BCCI scandal was all about. Hey, don't get me wrong, the thought of being in the driver's seat in a convertible Buick Century with the top down, speeding wrecklessly down the UBC highway with one hand on the steering wheel and my other hand on the radio knob turning up the volume to Primus "It's Luck" while Mrs. Crawford removes her tube top throwing it carefree to the wind. I hit the wheel when I saw the champagne glass at oncoming police cars —would be pretty entertaining. But there's more to life than those enjoyable moments of beserk leasiness.

Still, the nightclubs turn-out on the slowest of days is still better than vomit-ure on the summit of election days, and the INXS records sell, so what the fuck do we have to look forward to as we watch our tv's in the same way we observe our fish tanks. I'm not in a business of prediction of decline and eventual damnation, they try that every year in the Enquirer and the only people who buy that issue are those who thought "Charles in Charge" was funny.

Maybe this year was "even" that much of a disappointment in Vancouver. The Pogues came to town and the enthusiastic crowd at this show made the crowd at the Anhrpax/Public Enemy concert look like a Regent College study group session. Risa Johnson and her cronies were given their walking papers by the voting public so now Risa J. can be left to do Brian Keith/Ernest Borgnine impressions at children's birthday parties. And Nordwurd became one year older and one decibel louder. (Now he goes to 11).

And maybe all of this is gibberish from some ranting UBC student, and nobody bothered to read this. And the point got lost somewhere. The only thing that seems absolutely Virtuous and Right, right now, is to shave your sideburns, throw out your Divinyls tape and agree that the year's over.

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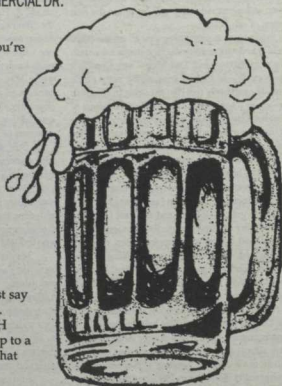
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Five words. Oscar Wilde, in one of his essays, listed five words the general public typically applies to artists. He then encourages artists to be exactly those things. The five words are: "immoral," "unintelligible," "exotic," "unhealthy," & "mordid." I like it.

So tell me, is art meant as an expression of self or for amusement of the artist & friends? I write some poetry, & generally it's self-expression (for my amusement & mental health) but I like when other people like it too. This shit I do here is the same. I like to rant & if someone enjoys it, that's pretty fab. Of course, all the women throwing themselves at me helps.

I know, when I first started writing for this "pathetic thing with no significant impact blablablab," I figured: two-bit writer in a rag not worth two bits (beats being an unpublished drunk). Then I met this girl. We'd chatted before about school & stuff, then one morning, we're sharing breakfast & I'm talking to someone who knows things about me my mother probably doesn't. All because of these articles. Creepy & in a way almost erotic. Of course, it could just be me.

Recognition and support are important. I'm pretty bad about supporting artists. Like I was at the Cruel Elephant for the Shindig finals & I'm ashamed to admit it but I didn't actually see or hear any of the bands. I was downstairs & you can barely hear the music & I was playing pool & I was talking with friends so I didn't get a chance to. I kind of feel bad about that. A warning: those pool tables are fucking cruel! But apparently, the dark beer is totally phenom.

Sometimes I feel I ought to apologise to you the reader for my chaotic writing. Ha! fuck you & anybody that looks like you! This ain't the Globe & Mail.

So I'm talking to my dear friends who read my stuff & we were talking about my piece last month about sex (a bit of sexual etiquette I forgot: don't talk to anyone having an orgasm unless you're talking to

them over the phone, then it's mandatory). Now, I know my writing is not the most straightforward stuff. I have no intent of being a real journalist (unless I'm offered a job). So what I write here is pretentious & silly. More importantly, it's not my best.

Not being friends I was talking to were bothered by my apparently egotistical reference to female orgasms. If it seems like I was bragging, then I'm sorry & I apologise. My writing is obviously not what it should be.

Not being understood is what everyone faces. But I see where other people are coming from. I admit, I hate things I don't understand. I like to think I'm observant & reasonably smart. I've got a fair background in the classics so when I see something I don't get I'm pissed.

The Vancouver Art Gallery is sad for that. Blobs of paint on empty canvases. What is that shit? It could be fucking cowshit. If there's meaning, it's unclear so they have failed as art. If it's the artist's frame of mind/emotional state, then the artist in question leads a pathetic existence. I suspect the shit at Tat's is like that too.

Let me interrupt. I hate brown toast. I don't mean toast from brown bread, but white bread toasted till it's brown. Why burn bread? If you want that salty, grimy taste, take up smoking. (funny, I don't like burnt food, but I do smoke, I must be an idiot)

U wish art was more original & unique. As soon as someone develops a style that works, everyone copies it & tries to cash in. Take Nirvana. They've got a sound of their own (which I myself don't find interesting). But since they went big, I've

heard a lot more thrash/speed-metal stuff. The problem is, those twisted goons did it end up no-talent copies of AC-DC or Judas Priest (neither of which are too talented). It's probably 'cause that's where they stole their riffs from.

Similarly, sequels aren't art. The worst was Die Hard 2. Same fucking story, same fucking effects, same fucking jokes, same fucking song. The only difference was setting. That is not art. This is milking the stupid masses with formula film-making. I.e., Bruce Willis. A man who was almost classy on television, now he recycles the same character every time. Of course, Spike Lee does the same thing with racial conflict in every movie. For that matter, Oliver Stone does too. Find a people movie he did that wasn't about the 60's! It's not JFK, then it's Vietnam.

But I'd rather watch Platoon than Mo' Better Blues. At least Olly Stone knows how to show tension & emotion. If you watch the movie but don't listen, you'll have a good idea what's going on. Do that in a Spike Lee film & you'll understand one scene every twenty minutes or so.

Well, that's getting a bit dull. Stuff like that makes people think I'm daff & rather cheeky. Which is probably true. But my editors like what they see, they print it. God bless them. Shit, I can't say that, I'm an atheist.

That's why I love this mag. There aren't many other places where you can say anything. And I am a big fan of free speech. But it's hard to be self-sufficient (to the students of UBC publish me, even if I don't go to UBC). Co-Op radio managers because of listener donations and CBC radio & TV manage by government funding. Even the latter centres thought. So as not to offend "community standards" they won't see genitals waving around on channel 3.

Everything else is profit-driven. Coast 800 is for money (if they got the new frequency, a DJ will make enough to support two people comfortably). Contrary to popular myth, they won't play just anything. They play what they think people will like. Still better than playing off of playlists, but they're not likely to play something people might hate.

Print is better for free

speech. The Georgia Straight occasionally prints the word "Fuck". But if I were writing for that trash, I wouldn't be allowed to slip the word "Fuck" in every paragraph. I don't even think I could get away with using "Shit" on a weekly basis.

And did you notice that despite being a clean magazine, Nite Moves happily runs ads for strip bars. I don't have a problem there, but isn't it hypocritical to advertise fucking but avoid the word itself? I suspect copyrights were invented for one-bit wonders. Shouldn't a real artist be capable of producing something new?

So I was talking about how art should be unique. Maybe that wasn't the right word. It should be innovative. But new ideas don't come from nowhere (unless you're muse-inspired, I am, I get other people's rejects). So new ideas must either come from old ideas or from an absence of old ideas. But, if your ideas are coming from old ideas, then you're really not creating anything new. That's evolution, not revolution.

Therefore, new ideas must come to you without being tainted by earlier ones. In other words, throw out the rules & create your own. I'm not sure whether I'm advocating anarchy. I might be.

The general problem I have with anarchy is this: Anarchy means having no rules. If we don't need rules, then we must have peace. But if we have peace, then we no longer need rules. So what we end up with is true anarchy. I don't see how we can start on this cycle.

Besides. Sometimes I'm not sure I want to get rid of all the rules. For example, I take my hat off if it rains. It's one of the things I learned to do. It's also one of the things that makes me better than all those stupid blighters at the back of the bus who keep their Raiders caps on.

Rules are also kinda useful for comparison. Assuming Jeani Read in the Province follows most if not all of the rules of writing, I can easily define my own writing against hers by the rules I break.

And isn't that the essence of innovation? Being different? How can you be different if you don't know what's normal? Anarchy may be a nice idea, but it would make me more irrelevant than I already am.

Here's a little fun thing about anarchy. Draw an anarchy "A" in a circle. Then over top of it, draw a peace sign. Erase the cross in the centre. You end up with the Starfleet emblem from Star Trek. As something of a writer, (& I only think that in the sort of way one thinks about masturbation) I wish I'd seen Paris in the 30's when all the greats lived there. Nostalgia is not my thing.

but I wonder if those days were better.

I know some things nowadays are better. I'll let you in on a dirty secret. I'm an avid reader of GQ because I'm fond of fashion. (hard to tell — most people can't decide if I'm a fashion failure or the average grade of fashion future). But the magazine has improved over the past five years. It's no longer the hand-book for the urban professional. Now it caters to young healthy men who can still get hard-ons. I wonder if the idea of bare-breasted women has improved the fashion layout though.

Regrettably, theatre is dead. When Broadway adores Andrew Lloyd-Weber it's time to order the cadet. Books too, are a loss. Especially Canadian ones. I'm tired of family gatherings on the farm in Manitoba. The same for Margaret Atwood. That hack from T.O. is as Canadian as Toyota or Air France or Mulroney. And her stories are about as interesting as a six year old's. Nor is Bob Bateman an artist. He is an illustrator. He draws awfully accurate images of Timber wolves & shit. But his works have all the emotional feel of a tin of Spam. Even food. You used to be able to get Chateaubriand or Crown Roast of Lamb or Pheasant under Glass. Now all you get is a pretty good vegetable lasagna. Considering the fine fucking mess the world being left to us is in, I wish someone had considered leaving decent art & culture.

If you hadn't thought of taking up one of the arts as a career, consider this: As an artist, you have to choose to wear black, you get to be famous, you're expected to have a wild & carefree sex life, & if you throw up in the punch bowl at one of the Queen's parties, people will think you're a romantic.

My personal preference in art is natural, minimalist style. It can be flowery if the artist himself is flowery. But if it's flowery for the sake of flowers, I'll break out the weed-killer. It's like make-up. I know plenty of women who are far more beautiful without it, yet they persist in costing themselves with it. Most of the time, I'd rather they didn't try to make themselves look better.

I realise though, that drawing attention is easy & profitable. I tell you not to look at my name, & if you don't already know it, odds are you'll look. Now assuming the music critics from the Sun & the Province read Disorder, I'm sure they must but it doesn't make them any better) they know my name. Bit of an advantage if I was ever desperate enough to get a job with them. Plus, in this age when hubris orchutzpah or pride or whatever you call it is so commonplace, maybe it's acceptable. Still, I'd rather see people have dignity.

Before I'm done, let me give you a little Zen story. Two monks are crossing a bridge. The first monk asks the second, "What is Zen?" The second monk throws the first in the river. He stands on the edge & yells, "See the water? Swim in it, become one with it, but don't question it because words don't mean shit!"

Hope you got fucked on Valentine's Day.

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itch: "dying to be Jesus"
available mid February



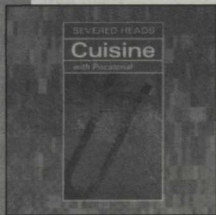
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Sweverdriver is one of the first truly original British bands to reach overseas in a long time. Formed by ex-Shake Appeal members, Adam Franklin, Jimmy Hartidge and Adi Vynes, in spring of '89 they—with drummer Graham Bonnar—have released two EPs of supercharged, mindboggling noise rock on the British label Creation: *Son of Mustang Ford* and *Rave Down*. Their driving, atmospheric, American-influenced sound attracted A&M Records, finally resulting in the LP *Raise*, which is being raved about among the press and fans alike.

Sweverdriver is currently on a five week tour of North America which brings them to Vancouver's Town Pump on Feb. 6 with Illinois band Poster Children. Bassist Adi Vynes was good enough to take time from his hectic schedule to chat with *Discorder's* Michael Leduc.

There's sort of a "Creation Scene" as it's perceived that doesn't really exist. There seems to be this image of having a roster of stuff like cute, pale skinned young boys with fuzzboxes.

Discorder - I've noticed that a lot of the British bands seem to come over for a date in New York, and maybe a date in San Francisco and Toronto, and that's about it, while you guys seem to be doing a whole tour.

Adi Vynes - Well, we did something sort of like that at the end of July. We came over and did about half a dozen dates in all the major cities, the west coast, east coast and one in Toronto as well. But this is like the first long leg thing we're gonna do around the country.

So do you enjoy it last time?

Yeah, it was great last time. There was hardly any pressure last time 'cause we didn't have a record out or anything. It was sort of like, come across, do some shows and just meet all the people that we're gonna be working with. Yeah, it was fine... fairly easy. Now, this time, the schedule is a bit more hectic.

You had *The Son of Mustang Ford*, then you had *Rave Down*, then you had the *SandNasted* EP and then the album, have I missed anything?

Yeah, there's a couple of things in between. I don't know if you know Imaginary Records; it's an English label. They did the *Heaven and Hell* tribute to the Velvet Underground. Well, we had a track out on Volume III of the Velvet Underground tribute, we covered "Jesus."

So, you guys are on Creation Records... how do you see yourselves fitting into that sort of "scene"? I mean, you're probably the heaviest band out there that label other than Silverfish.

There's sort of a "Creation Scene" as it's perceived that doesn't really exist. There seems to be this image of having a roster of stuff like cute, pale skinned young boys with fuzzboxes. [They release a lot of dance music as well and they've got solo acts, y'know?] Their roster is a lot more diverse than you may think it is. It's just that the noisier side of the label tends to be the most successful. I suppose, really. Apart from Primal Scream, of course.

As far as the label goes it seems to have a look as well. I'm thinking about the three or four records that came out this year that I am familiar with like Slowdive, Primal Scream and My Bloody Valentine, and they all have a similar look. As a band, do you have much input into the album art and graphics and how you present them? Yeah, we do it all ourselves. I mean, so far we've done it all ourselves like produced all the records. And we've been responsible for all the artwork ourselves. We've got complete control over everything we do. So, if you don't like one of the covers on the records I can't blame it on somebody else.

In reference to the "Creation scene" is there a similar sort of feel or attitude that you see happening with a lot of the bands? At least like the guitar sort of noise bands?

Um, no not really. I mean I don't think that any of those bands sound similar at all. I can see a huge difference between someone like Slowdive and bands like Ride and My Bloody Valentine. There is definitely no sort of corporate image of Creation at all. If there is, it's a coincidence.

Okay, I'm thinking of one word: enigmatic... y'know what I mean? Not really having your face on the cover...? There is that but who really needs wants to look at a picture of a lot of people? We never put our picture on our sleeves before but then we've never seen a picture of ourselves that we've all been happy with, so we've never do it anyway. And who wants to look at a photograph of us when they're listening to the record? It's just not important to us, it's not one of our primary concerns.

Before you were in this Sweverdriver band you were in this thing called Shake Appeal, which I understand correctly is like a Detroit-Iggy-MCS... when did that change and why did it change? Let me see, it must have been sometime in '88 or '89. I can't remember now. It was about two and a half years ago perhaps. It just became really unfulfilling after awhile. All those fuzzy three chord songs were all very well and very enjoyable but then were people who did it better than us. We just wanted to branch out a little bit more. I don't think there was any particularly good British music in the eighties at all. It was a very bland time. That's why we were getting back to people like the Stooges and MCS and T-Rex, just basically because we weren't interested in contemporary music. When we started hearing the wave of American guitar bands it was something we could identify with.

Was there a particular record that changed your life or your direction?

Locust Abortion Technician by the Butthole Surfers... the first Sonic Youth album... *Bad Moon Rising* and *Evol*, I played them both to death for months and months. But we're still into people like the Clash, who are one of our favorite bands, as well as Captain Beefheart and the Rolling Stones. We just got

bored with what we were doing. You need to challenge yourself all the time and push yourself onto greater things. And we weren't really doing that. We were just going around in circles.

But at the same time do you see it necessary to have some sort of sense of rock and roll history in order to be successful? To know the Beatles, and to know the Who and to know the Rolling Stones...? Not necessarily. I suppose truly innovative, truly new music could only come about by someone who has never been exposed to the whole of rock and roll history, ever. Some guy who has been locked up in a room in the middle of nowhere, and has never been exposed to any media whatsoever, and with nothing but a musical instrument, could come up with an original way of approaching music. But we're sort of like rock archivists, definitely. We treasure our records. I guess you still hold a place for MCS and those bands close to heart. Oh yeah, definitely. We listened to MCS on the way up here.

What did you think when you heard that Rob Tyner died? Based on his musical past or life did you think it was inevitable? I won't lie and say I was really upset and I mourned for hours 'cause I never actually felt like I knew the guy personally. I mean, it didn't touch me in that way. It was just one of those great rock 'n' roll deaths. It's the only way to be truly famous... to die.

What about the excess of the Stooges and the MCS? Do you guys see yourselves in that way or is that a thing of the past? You can't survive by drinking 'til three in the morning and having groupies backstage. I dunno, we've never had groupies backstage so I wouldn't know. I suppose eventually it's gonna kill you early but I don't think that anyone does that for very long anyway. I mean, if you're gonna come back from doing that sort of thing then I'm sure that they don't do it for very long.

We never put our picture on our sleeves before but then we've never seen a picture of ourselves that we've all been happy with... and who wants to look at a photograph of us when they're listening to the record?

But as far as American success, do you see that as being really important for a band in Britain or is it just sort of interesting and exciting for you?

Any success is good and you shouldn't just turn yourself inward. That was what happened to Shake Appeal. We got very big locally but we didn't do anything outside the Oxford city limits. If you're going to make music then you've got to put yourself out to communicate your music and what you've got to say to people. Then, obviously, you've got to reach as many people as possible. You certainly shouldn't limit yourself. You certainly shouldn't think small and we definitely don't think small.

There's bands that you hear about in America, and in Canada, like Chapterhouse, Ride... the bigger ones, but do you see things as sort of slowing down or picking up? Are there still a lot of new sounds out there that are happening now?

Yeah, there's lots of new bands coming out all the time. Before we left to come here I was out seeing a couple of bands for the first time. We sort of look for new bands. If we like them we can help them out, or at least try to. We took some unsigned bands on the road with us. The last British tour we did we took this band, Sun Carriage, who were unsigned at the time. They'd never done a 40 date tour before all over the country. They just didn't have access to that sort of extensive touring.

It's really difficult for a band to get started plus if you want to get support from larger artists there's usually preliminaries that you have to go through: you have to pay so much money and it's difficult for new bands to do that. It was very frustrating when we were trying to do it and that's why we don't trash support bands, that's not what the spirit of music is all about to me.

Who are your favorite American bands right now?

There's a band from Chicago called Sometimes Sweet Susan who are very good and a band from Los Angeles called Carnival Art, they're excellent. Superchunk are good too.

As far as the British Press goes, you guys seem to be getting a lot of stellar press right now. Do you see a backlash happening which seems to happen a lot with the British press?

Well, there's some backlash happening to some other bands that got a lot of press coverage this year. Like Chapterhouse... I'm facing a bit of a backlash at the moment. The thing about the British music press is that they find bands and they just push 'em, and push 'em, and push 'em, and push 'em until they're made and then they turn around and cut 'em down again. We sort of built ourselves up from the beginning anyway without their help. They were never behind us and

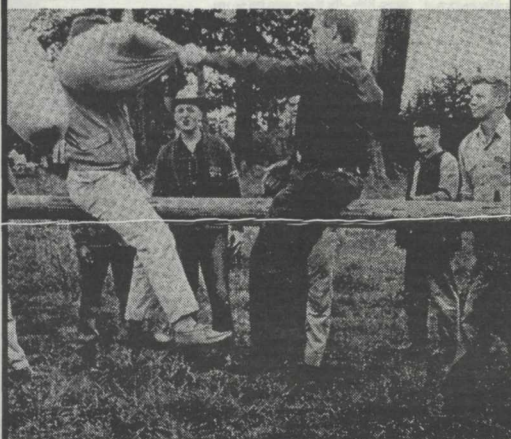
we weren't one of their favorite causes so we haven't felt anything coming back at us. We've had a few bad reviews but, y'know, everybody does every now and again. We don't really owe them anything.

I just remember last year when they were pushing the Happy Mondays and Inspiral Carpets, and the Manchester bands. And now they're pushing My Bloody Valentine and Moose... bands like that. What do you think is going to be the next sound that they're gonna catch on? Is there something that they don't even know about?

I dunno, I've only seen like one week's issue of the English music press because I've been over here in America for three weeks over Christmas and then I was out of the country for two weeks before that. I haven't seen the press for weeks I don't know what they're getting behind at the moment.



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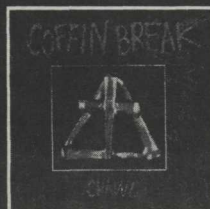
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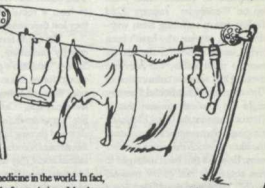
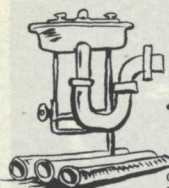


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On July 17, 1991 the United States passed the death penalty for individuals in possession of 30,000 marijuana plants. Given the large number of plants involved, one might be inclined to ignore such legislation as unlikely to be enforced, let alone carried to its final demise. Yet, one must also ask oneself why a government would propose and pass such seemingly ludicrous laws? Perhaps another issue is at stake? Perhaps the marijuana plant has other uses, and if one were to possess 30,000 plants it might not be to smoke it? Perhaps, there's something else here that the United States government, and the other governments of the over-developed industrialized nations weren't telling us? In fact, maybe they're keeping it secret.

From the beginning of recorded history until the mid 1930s, the term marijuana was uncommon or even unheard of in North American society. The scientifically correct name is Cannabis sativa, Cannabis indica, and the common name was "hemp." It is true that marijuana has been smoked for approximately 12,000 years as a herb used for altering consciousness, but marijuana or hemp was also used in virtually every other area of life too. The following list and accompanying text gives a clue as to just how vital industrial hemp production was to society less than 60 years ago, a timespan that corresponds with the acceleration of the destruction of the planet.

1.) Shipping: 90% of all ship sails were made from hemp. All rigging, nets, oakum, and flags were made from "...the stalks of the marijuana plant until the century..."

2.) Textiles and Fabrics: 80% of all textiles and fabrics for clothes, tents, linens, rugs, drapes, etc. were made from hemp until the 1820's in America and until the 20th century in most of the rest of the world. While cultivation of cotton accounts for fifty percent of all chemical pesticide use, hemp has natural enemies and does not require chemical pesticides nor the use of chemical fertilizers (in most cases and depending on soil nutrients etc.)

3.) Rope, Twine, and Cordage: Virtually every city and town in the world had an industry making hemp rope. Russia, however, was the world's largest producer and best quality manufacturer, shipping 80% of the western world's hemp from 1740 until 1940.

4.) Art: Hemp canvas was the choice of any artist who strived for quality that would withstand time. Hemp withstands heat, mildew, insects and is not damaged by light. The masterpieces by Rembrandt, Van Gogh, and Gauguin were primarily painted on hemp canvas. Had the works of Beethoven and Mozart been written on hemp paper, they would have endured fine originals today. Unlike today's acid-based paper which begins deteriorating within 50k short years.

5.) Paints and Varnishes: For thousands of years, virtually all good paints and varnishes were made with hemp seed oil and/or linseed oil. In 1935 alone, 116 million pounds of hempseeds were used in America just for paint and varnish. This organically based paint contained none of the toxic by-products that are poisoning our environment.

6.) Lighting Oil: The evolution of hemp oil to lighting oil began a dark time in the history of man. Hemp oil was replaced in the 1870's by whale oil and within 70 years hemp oil was completely replaced by whale oil and finally by petroleum and kerosene in 1939. So began the slaughter of the oceans whales and the horrible legacy of fossil fuels, one of the biggest causes of the destruction of the ozone layer.

7.) Smoking, Leisure and Creativity: Mankind has used various substances throughout history to alter his level of consciousness. Marijuana and its derivative hashish have been used for centuries as a mind altering substance or a creativity inducing herb in virtually every corner of the globe. Modern day marijuana users include such greats as Louis Armstrong, the Beatles, Willie Nelson, Peter Dinklage, and the list goes on and on. Women, too, have historically used Cannabis. Isabella Dierhard, Alice B. Toklas, Anais Nin, Anne Waldman, George Sande and so forth. Marijuana is unjustly grouped in with the far more lethal and abusive substances, such as heroin, crack and cocaine, yet, alcohol and tobacco, the two legal drugs available to us cause more deaths per year than all other illegal drugs combined. In fact, there has never been a recorded death from marijuana in over 12,000 years.

8.) Food Oil and Protein: The most digestible protein to man is cannabis hemp. It is the single most natural compound that is the closest in structure to human plasma. Animal feed relied heavily on hemp seeds for both domestic and wild animals. In 1984, the U.S. government eradicated 80% of the hemp fields in China, as it swept the globe on its genocidal war on drugs. Not only destroying a protein source used by the Chinese for centuries but also destroying the seed crop for millions of migratory birds. Sadly, the hemp seed produces no observable high in humans or birds; only the most minute traces of tetrahydrocannabinol (THC) are found in the seed. As the world searches for alternate protein sources governments are stepping up their war on drugs...or is that the war on us?

9.) Building Materials and Housing: A modern day process called Envirocon uses agricultural fiber to create strong construction paneling replacing drywall and plywood. Hemp could also replace synthetic carpets and plastic plumbing pipes (PVC pipes).

10.) Medicine: For 3,000 years, until the 1890's, marijuana and hashish extracts,

mistakes and elixirs were routinely the first and second most used medicine in the world. In fact, if cannabis was legalized it would replace synthetic drugs in over 95% prescriptions. It has been used for epilepsy, glaucoma, cancer and radiation treatment, stress related illnesses and countless others.

11.) Biomass Energy: Henry Ford, and other futuristic scientists recognized the limited supplies of our fossil fuel supplies and realizing that these resources would eventually run out, and that they would become tools for power in the modern world as they diminished, they grew hemp. Hemp is the only reasonable alternative to our dependency on oil, petroleum, coal and natural gas. Hemp is 50 times richer in renewable biomass/cellulose potential than any other industrially used plant. Simply put, we could heat our homes and drive our cars with hemp, reducing global warming and the greenhouse effect.

12.) Pulp and Paper: Unbelievably, until this century, 75%-90% of all the paper in the world was made from hemp!!! All the books, bibles, maps, paper money and specialty newspapers. One run of the New York Sunday Times uses 75,000 tons and with approximately 7 runs of the paper every Sunday in New York this staggering figure of over 25,000,000 tons used to run the Sunday Times for one year, in one city, is hard to conceive. By the time you finish reading this article on hemp, thousands of acres of virgin timber will be destroyed forever in various areas of the world. This paper that you are reading should be made from hemp! In February of 1938, Popular Mechanics printed the last "hoax word spoken on hemp's behalf for over 40 years". Entitled "The New Billion Dollar Crop," this would be the first time that the word billion would be used to describe any industry. The following is an excerpt from the original article:

American farmers are promised a new cash crop with an annual value of several hundred million dollars, all because a machine has been invented which solves a problem more than 6,000 years old. It is hemp, a crop that will not compete with other American products. Instead, it will displace imports of raw material and manufactured products produced by underpaid coolie and peasant labor and it will provide thousands of jobs for American workers throughout the land.

Hemp is the standard fiber of the world. It has great tensile strength and durability. It is used to produce more than 5,000 textile products, ranging from rope to fine laces, and the woody "bark" remaining after the fiber has been removed contains more than seventy-seven per cent cellulose, and can be used to produce more than 25,000 products, ranging from dynamite to Cellulphane.

Now, either it's too good to be true, or someone's been lying. And if someone has been lying, then how come? It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what would happen to Big Business if hemp replaced the trees for pulp and paper, if hemp replaced coal and petroleum as fuel, and hemp replaced synthetic THC in medicine? Big Business would stand to lose billions of dollars and that's exactly what Mr. Hearst figured out when the hemp machine was finally a reality. In 1916, the U.S. Department of Agriculture released a special bulletin (No. 404) that stated hemp could replace trees for paper at a margin of 4-1 in favor of hemp. The enormous timber acreage and businesses of Hearst Paper Manufacturing Division, Kimberly Clark (U.S.A.) and all the other timber, paper and newspaper holding companies all stood to go bankrupt if they didn't get rid of hemp before the hemp fiber stripping machines set up as direct competitors. At the same time the fiber industries were busy putting the finishing touches on a new material called nylon, which would become patented by 1938. The large companies, including Kimberly Clark and Dupont, staged an all out propaganda strategy using Mr. W.R. Hearst's nation-wide newspapers. Through sensationalized press, Hearst and his associates remained loyal to marijuana within two decades. Using fear tactics to influence "white society," Hearst's "war on drugs" centered on the black and hispanic minorities (A practice that still exists today by President Bush using television as its vehicle). Hearst began the witch hunt of the prohibition years that would continue to escalate into the monster that it is today.

In September of 1937, marijuana became an illegal substance. 54 years later, 60% of the world's rainforests are gone, and with them thousands of species of flora, fauna, and every description of animal, from the tiniest insect to entire cultures of human beings, we now rest at the crucial turning point if we are to save this planet. If we are to save ourselves from inevitable destruction then we must speak out to legalize the only means of our survival, Cannabis Hemp. Help spread the truth that Mr. Hearst and all others like him have buried under a landslide of lies, fear and prejudice.

PATRIOTIC CANADIANS FOR HEMP
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Tracy Chester-Bennett



Thousands of Vancouverites woke up on Wednesday, January 22nd, feeling apoplectic, suffering from withdrawal. As anyone who hasn't been living under a rock for the last six months must know, the previous evening had seen the culmination of Grotusmania. That faithful Tuesday night the musical tsunami that is Grotus crested at the Cruel Elephant, capping a phenomenal success story the likes of which this city has never seen. How has this band managed to rise above the rest of the musical world? What was the driving force behind the Grotus juggernaut? For the answers to these questions and more, allow me and my sidekick Bazil to indulge in a little exercise in reminiscence.

GROTUS

THE MAKING OF A LEGEND

When a band reaches the upper strata of rock 'n' roll stardom the way Grotus has, pretenders always appear suddenly claiming to have known and liked the band from its moment of conception. Well, Bazil and I may be pretenders, but we've liked Grotus from the start and we can prove it. It seems like only yesterday that the shining beacon of musical aptitude embodied by Grotus' debut "7" single caught our eyes. There was nothing to recommend the Grotus men to our attention except for a shit-load of unlauts—a name that sounds like either a reproductive organ or a meal served to convicts in the 19th century—and a back cover featuring four of the ugliest men we'd ever had the good fortune to lay eyes upon. On closer inspection we discovered that the B-side of this single was a cover, the Grand Funk Railroad anthem "We're an American Band," and that one of the more hilarious uglys was apparently flipping the bird to potential listeners—a pose later immortalized by the billboard phenomenon Nirvana.

The music contained therein met and exceeded the potential suggested by the awful cover. The A-side sports a song called "Mother of Pearl," an ass-kicking, "heavy" song featuring distorted vocals and some samples over the droning guitar of death that's all the rage among the college crowd these days. In an age in which wimpy, melodic, jangly pop songs dominate the college charts, "Mother of Pearl" would have joined the happy ranks of "heaviness" had it been alone in the single. But it wasn't alone. It was paired with "We're an American Band," a more primal, raunchy, bad-ass version of "We're an American Band" overlaid on vinyl. Samples of chainsaws replaced some guitar riffs. Bazil swears he could hear cowbells in there. At the end, frontman Lars Fox's voice reverently repeats the words "Come on dudes, let's get it on."

Naturally, it wasn't long before Grotus let loose with another single. However, this one proved puzzling rather than sublime. The liner notes of this record were dead serious. They focused on environmentalism and political activism. The single was dedicated to one Edward Abbey, a dead author who, by their account, had deeply moved by the Grotus boys through his writing. Nobody was flipping the bird on this No. 60 cover version. Bazil and I

were concerned. Did Grotus purport to have a social conscience? Had they lost their sense of humour?

The music contained inside was equally disturbing, granted it was "heavy," and that's pretty much good enough for me. But as Bazil put it, the A-side, "Edward Abbey," "tacked peace," and the B-side, "Cock Coo," sounded like "a soundtrack for bedpans." It was slow and droning but with no discernible sense of humour. Still, the band was called Grotus, they still had the unlauts and they were "heavy," just like the Melvins. So Bazil and I swallowed our disappointment and decided that after the first single, anything would be a little disappointing.

Little did we realize that all over this great continent, thousands of sharp minds had come to the same conclusion: Grotus are rock 'n' roll dealers. Yes, the movement was afoot. All of these sharp minds only needed a small push, which took the form of the Grotus CD, *Brown*.

I remember the first time Bazil and I got to look at the new CD. It was an incredible moment, religious in its intensity. A powerful friend with deep connections in the music industry handed us the priceless gem one cloudless afternoon. As Bazil fondled the CD, we looked it over with adoring eyes. There was a big fish on the front. There were four sets of unlauts all hanging over the consonants of Grotus. There was a song called "Full Metal Grotus."

As we put the CD into the disk player we were like kids at Christmas. We were giddy with expectation.

Once the speakers started emitting sound we had to wonder just what the hell was going on. This wasn't "heavy." Most of the songs were about eating meat and what a heinous thing it is. Samples and dubs from TV completely overrode the music. It sounded like a recording of someone flipping around the TV channels with Celine playing very softly in the background. There was no live drummer, and you can't be "heavy" without a live drummer. (That's the number one rule of "heaviness.") Bazil and I faced a spiritual abyss. No matter how upbeat and positive we tried to be, the Grotus CD sucked.

Bazil and I were devastated. We decided to head to our retreat in the Catskills to think things out. After a number of deep, reflective therapy sessions, we came to the following conclusion: This CD was a joke—kind of like Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music*. It was a test to see just how loyal Grotus fans were.

Before Bazil could say "tech-no-shit," the popular media got a hold of the Grotus movement. The big dead fish on the cover was prominently displayed on *CMJ*, that coast-to-coast American publication with a readership in the low billions. Next, the band was featured in the *Rolling Stone*, with a big photo that confirmed that the "We're an American Band" Grotus was the same as the *Brown* Grotus. Despite the CD, Grotus was on a roll.

It was about this time that Bazil and I expressed an interest in interviewing our heroes. Like magic, the dead was born. I can speak for Bazil, but I spent many a sleepless night working up questions that would uncover the true Grotus to a breathless howl. Our big break. We



Chris Uren and Mindy Abromowitz

too could aspire to the journalistic glory of David Frost, Larry King and Diane Sawyer.

Finally the heady day came. I screamed like a teenager, then fainted. Bazil and I faced a spiritual abyss. No matter how upbeat and positive we tried to be, the Grotus CD sucked. Bazil and I were devastated. We decided to head to our retreat in the Catskills to think things out. After a number of deep, reflective therapy sessions, we came to the following conclusion: This CD was a joke—kind of like Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music*. It was a test to see just how loyal Grotus fans were. Before Bazil could say "tech-no-shit," the popular media got a hold of the Grotus movement. The big dead fish on the cover was prominently displayed on *CMJ*, that coast-to-coast American publication with a readership in the low billions. Next, the band was featured in the *Rolling Stone*, with a big photo that confirmed that the "We're an American Band" Grotus was the same as the *Brown* Grotus. Despite the CD, Grotus was on a roll. It was about this time that Bazil and I expressed an interest in interviewing our heroes. Like magic, the dead was born. I can speak for Bazil, but I spent many a sleepless night working up questions that would uncover the true Grotus to a breathless howl. Our big break. We

humour that Lars has. Ha, think of Grotus not being able to afford something. The next question was an obvious one. Does Grotus watch a lot of TV? Lars revealed that they were "Trashy, American, garbage-culture kind guys," and that was the reference point for the band. Bazil wondered if they worried about taking themselves too seriously, with their conscientious environmental message and all. Lars hoped that people would listen to them and get the message, but not think that the band was a bunch of serious, somber, anal retentive pricks who are pissed off at the world. "We laugh about stuff all the time." We also talked about cover versions. Grotus has big plans for Gary Newman's "In Cars" and Pink Floyd's "Welcome to the Machine." Lars felt that they "should have screwed up 'We're an American Band' a lot more." Finally, we tackled the burning issue of the extended finger on the back cover of the "Mother of Pearl" single. The shocking truth is that the photo displayed the "Grotus hand gesture," and that the extended finger is a pinky, not the bird finger. "When we started out," explained Lars, "we thought up stuff like the Grotus handshake, the Grotus symbol, the Grotus hand gesture. We're just a bunch of dorks who sit around think-

ing up stuff like that." Bunch of dorks, my butt. Grotus is stupid like a fox. How long do you think it will be before we see that circle G Grotus symbol on every T-shirt in town, not to mention bald little dolls of Lars with his pinky extended?

I'll tell you folks, don't fall for the mean face Lars Fox wears on his T-shirt. He's well spoken, he has a good sense of humour and he's nice to people. Lars is a good guy. We could hardly wait to meet him and to see the band in person the following night.

Finally, the time came. The Grotus legion gathered at the Cruel Elephant to carry on their love affair with the band. It was sheer anarchy as people wandered throughout the bar vying to decide which of the many open seats to sit in.

It's interesting how some misconceptions can be dispelled instantly. Lars wasn't ugly. He was cute. He was bald and decked out in red flannel-johns. He was such a smiley little guy you couldn't help but love him. The rest of the band was ugly. The bass player and the guitarist looked very similar—big, swarty, lots of hair, goatees and weird poptops. To emphasize their hairy similarities they performed a sort of dance in sync throughout the show. In addition to an obscured live drummer,

there was a TV set on stage, also blocked by either the guitarist or the bass player. (They could have been twins.) The stage could barely contain this band.

The music? Well, when you've become an entity of Grotusian proportions, the music is secondary. But just so you know, the music kicked. Grotus was loud, yes, but more importantly, they were "heavy." The bass player and the guitarist were almost identically attired in Melvins T-shirts: the influence was obvious. Thankfully, Grotus used some discretion that the Melvins could use and stayed away from drum solos. There was a two-song encore and then it ended. Just like that.

Bazil and I fought our way backstage after the show. I got Lars' autograph, while Bazil was smarter and got a sweaty guitar pick from John Carson and the towel that bassist Adam Tanner used to wipe his brow. We also talked to Lars a bit. Despite his near fatal exhaustion, he was still a beautiful person. Finally we took pity on him and went home. Grotusmania had reached its zenith. They'll be back in March when they tour with Mr. Bungle.

What is rock 'n roll in the 90's all about anyway? Pawnshops. Hanging out in gaudy pawnshops near handy recording studios and waiting for cool guitars to go out of style and down in price. Axes abundant; riff pounders, silk weavers and honey bees, all humming and ready to be restored into rightful, buoyant, crooked fingered kid hands.

Rock 'n roll is about urgency, a need built on the immediacy of indulgent desires to cut the rug and explore a new niche. And finally, rock 'n roll is about the scene, not the jaded celebrants, but rather the wide eyed hipsters talking about wiring down their customized sounds, and playing the wrong notes at the right time. You know, the gurus with enough acumen to know what sounds good, and leave it alone.

One such maverick (although he'd never tell you) is Ned Hayden. That's right, let it soak your bite, Ned Hayden, who single handedly envisioned what's now known as 'hot rock action', and tamed the New York scuz-rock underbelly.

1991 was the year for Ned. Tired of contracting out his acrimonious skills, he built his own manifold of electro-fied rock 'n roll—the Action Swingers—and took a spin on the hub of New York rockola. The first goal was to release something raw, a starting point for their pregnant thoughts. "The album," as its referred to, quickly took root under the limelights of Caroline records' tributary, Primo Scree. Their sound, right from this uncategorized start was that of the greenhouse. Songs, precious as panes of glass, and underneath a breeding ground where everything sweaters and stews. The Swingers are a band of extremes and it does them justice to take this metaphor to the limit. The album is seasoned and conducive to cooking large batches of speedy ratatouille; songs like "I'm dead" a ripe zucchini, and "Watch out" or "Fully loaded" all zesty items. And finally there's the quintessential opener "Song" that provides the olive oil base for a smooth and palatable ride home. Earlier this month we managed to pinpoint Ned lounging in the crimson offices of Caroline heaven.

Nikolas Bragg

ACTION SWINGERS

Here are the highlights

Discorder - There has been a lot of hype lately about New York music, (including *Discorder's* Monster Magnet special last month *Spin's* "Class of '92" lip-serv to east coast music arenas, Superchunk on *Fax*, and *Rolling Stone's* New Music Seminar review). How do you see your self fitting into this?

Ned - We don't really fit *Spin's* format, and it's a blessing, we're not going to change. It's idiotic, people just want records that sound like Soundgarden before they accept you. How people decide things is pretty ugly. We don't want to sound like any other band, we just play, go out do our shows and that's it... just trying to write good songs. We're not as big as any of those bands, Monster Magnet or Superchunk. It doesn't make sense to be as big as Monster Magnet. What's the sense of doing it only to wind up like Surgery or all those other great bands. It's a trap, they buy your records, they buy your t-shirts, then they might start to give a shit. I'm looking to avoid this trap. You wouldn't be able to leave your house in the morning for the forest of fans, and then what? It's cool to play coliseum like the Smashing Pumpkins or Hole?... to become a crack addict and wind up in *Spin*?

Is it a prerequisite to be a crack head to be on the cover of *Spin*?

Spin's market is junkies who can scrap up enough dough to buy a copy of their rag. That's their thing. Guys like Jim Greer (*Spin* writer) can only relate to bands via the crack pipe... (in reference to his review of Pavement's 10 inch) guys like Jim Greer should die. Guys who say "this ten inch record will change your ten inch life" should have my ten inch dick shoved in his ten inch face.

So, are you guys the most unknown band in America, even if you toured with Dinosaur, Mudhoney et al.? And don't you think that you have some rather big names in your band - Pete Dinklage (Unsane), Bob Bert (Sonic Youth, Bewitched, Furrature) and Julia Catfritz (Pussy Galore)? Didn't that get you some attention?

I don't know, anyways, I fired all those indie rock losers and hired some young hungry rockers... young hungry kids who want some action. Their my back up band, loose kids into rock. Those other guys were into... who knows.

How was recording the album?

It was recorded in a day (the usual response). Well, actually half a day, the rest of the time we sat around playing baggammoo....

Kind of like Don Fleming's approach?

No way, not at all. Don Fleming man, he plays the songs, records them, then listens to them to write them and play live. A little backwards from the rest of the world but it works for him. Me, I'm a working man, meat and potatoes type guy. Don has the luxury of sitting around the house all day long, everyday of his life not having to work. For that I would have to consider him an underachiever and that's pathetic. Don's a Neil Young inspired type guy. He never likes the Germs or Fear, he likes Skynard. He's like my father or something.

So he must really love the Arc Weld disc?

He does, because his hippie friend Thurston talked Neil into doing it. It's those hippies trying to get undercover in the scene. They've been around long enough, its our turn; guys like you and I and everyone out there who's itching. I mean when we see them on stage are we supposed to get inspired? No chance. However, if it's real free noise wailing you want, check out the Impulse re-issue of John Coltrane's *Interstellar Space* disc. That's punk rock to me.

The record's on Tom Harrington's label, but didn't you also record a single with Nobevel, and didn't you also have a single lined up on the singles club? They asked us to do it but we told them to fuck themselves. We were going to do it but then it was like "Pay up, pay up buds," and they didn't pay up, so they don't get any singles. I mean whatever happened to bands getting paid anyway? We're not into the whole

sart of "Give for Sub Pop" thing. Plus, we don't play benefits. It's not that I'm against the whole benefit idea but why don't they have a benefit for us? FMU, this big radio station in New York, they're having all kinds of benefits and raising cash. And what do they do with all the money? They go out and buy bootleg 7 inches of bands like the Unsane or something for like fifty bucks so they can play them on the air. It's a bunch of crap! If an organization was just fiscally responsible in the first place they wouldn't need to have benefits. That's our message—Fiscal Responsibility, a spend-as-you-go Democrat type deal.

So you're a band with a message?

Oh yeah, we want to be just like Fugazi; they're artists. I can only hope to be like them. They're not like some cheap little thing... some cheap little rock band to pick up girls and drink beer and stuff. They're a cause, an ideology, and they don't have t-shirts. Much like us, we want the kids to get their own magic marker and make their own t-shirt, that's the message. I don't want to be feeding them pre-packaged t-shirts. We want them to think for themselves! In that way we're like Fugazi, and in the fact that we play all ages shows for five dollars. Oh wait, we'd never play an all ages show for five dollars if our lives depended on it. I guess we're nothing like Fugazi.

So what is your ideology?

Man here it is: you pull into town, you do a sound-check, kill 3 or 4 hours eating bad food / beer drinking (to get lubricated for the show), you play, and after when they're taking your gear off the stage, you get paid and then the fast exit. You split, cash in hand.

And then do it all again the next day?

Everyday. Everyday of the whole damn year if possible. It's great I love that, that's the way I care to live my personal life, I made that decision when I was twelve years old and I saw Kiss said "Someday, I want to wear make up and have high platform shoes," except I figured it was better to form a punkrock band.

It was always rock, you never thought about following in the foot steps of some of the Shimmy Disc artists?

I've known those guys for years, I know everyone in New York city. They all used to be REM fans, can't you hear it in their music? John Hall has been playing that kind of crap for a while now. I guess for the rest of the world it's witty indie rock but here it wears a little thin. I mean no one wants to be sitting in a bar having that in the background.

Out of that whole scene the only real genius is Dogbowl. He's an actual living genius, whereas all the other Shimmy losers are pretentious potheads. And Kramer, he's ruined more records than he's helped. Half his records would be OK if they had some real guitar parts. I mean how can you love his kind of attitude? But people elsewhere do. They should make t-shirts that say "I'm with Kramer," like those ones that say...

... "I'm with Superconductor"?

Yeah, that's it, they're from Vancouver. They played with Superchunk.

Well, what about bringing the Swingers out on the road?

Yeah, we're going to tour late February or March, once it thaws out... head out west, maybe England, except all those places want to coerce free product out of us. It's like selling off your children or something. Plus all the bands over there are so cute. We're not but we don't care. We played with Teenage Fanclub, blew their shit away and got paid the big blow. That's what we do for a living.

At last word, Ned Hayden was still doing this for a living, the interview thing, the live thing, and the underground metempsychosis, continuing to bid his time while promoters haggle over tour rights. All we can do is spittrally strengthen ourselves and wait.

Sam the Record Man

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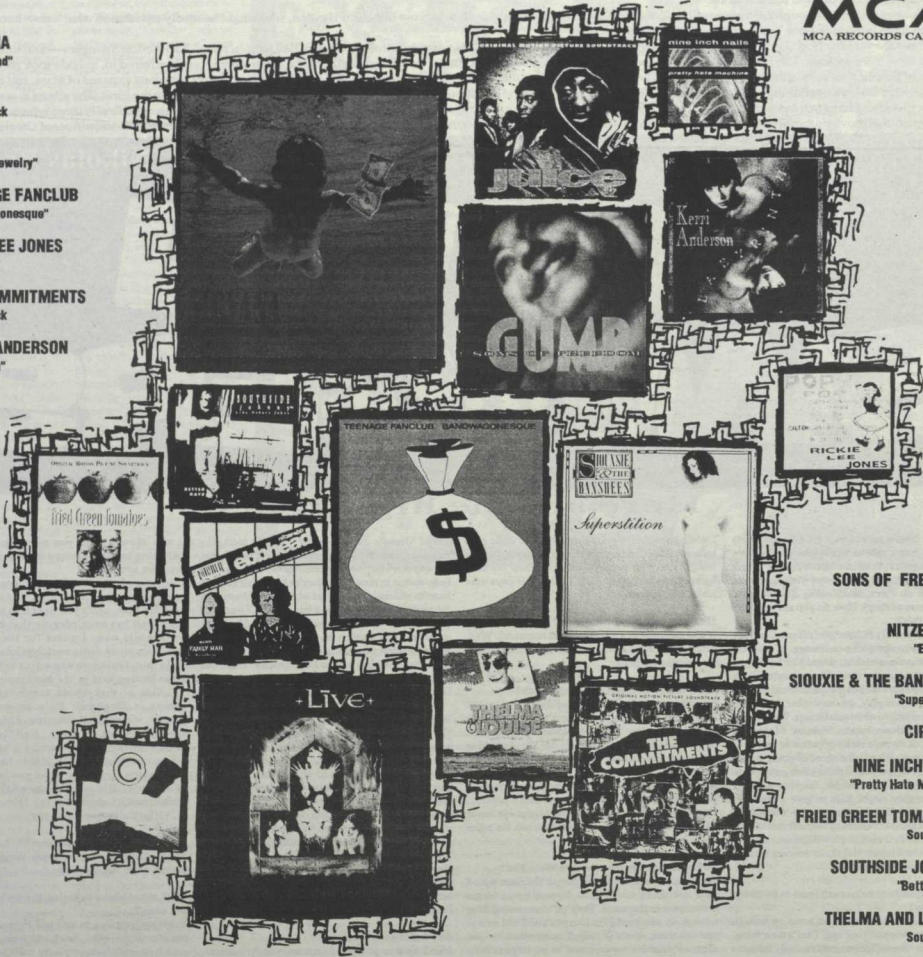
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Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat slithering through all her works gave signs of woe that all was lost. "There is no Ned." Words could not describe my disappointment when Alex Griffin, bassist for Ned's Atomic Dustbin, enlightened me on the true origin of one of the most creative band names I've ever heard. I mean, with a name like that you'd think that there might be some deep meaning or acronym or something of immense profundity hidden in the words. Then again, I have a habit of complicating simple things. According to Alex, "We got [the name] from a show in the 50's, which was called The Goon Show and one of the episodes was called 'Ned's Atomic Dustbin.' When we were thinking of names that was the worst one, so we chose it." As for the atomic dustbin thing, I've been told that a dustbin is really just a sophisticated/British way of saying garbage can. I guess for North American followers the name translates as Ned's Atomic Garbage Can.

Choosing a name that sticks in the minds of listeners has been proven to be a bonus. Ned's first album, *God Fodder*, recently went gold in the UK and has sold about one hundred and eighty thousand copies in North America. Not bad for a relatively unknown band that sponsored their tour through T-shirt sales alone. But hey, when you market a T-shirt that says "Did you miss Ned's Atomic Dustbin? You Fucked Up" whaddya expect?

So perhaps modesty is not a huge issue for Ned's, but when you consider that these five vile young

men sparked a mass riot of over-hormonal teenage girls at a recent gig in Belfast, then they must be doing something right. Alex explained how "the crowd started getting wild and they pushed the barrier under so it collapsed the legs from the stage which then folded in the middle." In the event of being swallowed alive by the stage, the band unfortunately had to cancel the show. Perhaps that indignity might have been overlooked by the band and their fans if the television of the Ned's being consumed by an onslaught of people, but consumed by the stage? I dunno.) — except that they hadn't yet finished the first song. And you wanna talk disaster prone? Maybe it is the name or something that makes the band so explosive, and I'm not exclusively referring to their popularity. The day before the Belfast show they arrived at their hotel only to be turned away because the building had been bombed moments earlier. As lead vocalist Jon Pemney so adeptly observed of their mishaps in a recent interview (though not with me), "The idea is to kill your television, not to band," referring, of course, to their successful second vinyl release entitled "Kill Your Television."

But don't bother digging too deeply into the significance of this rather attention snapping song title 'cause you won't find a single deep rooted, symbolic, earth-shattering comment on contemporary social decay or the couch-potato syndrome that runs rampant in North American culture. Instead (Alex again clarified

my [mis?] interpretation), the title is "nothing really, it sounds good, it's a good slogan. Y'know? I have this sticker on my bass that says 'kill your television' and Jon saw it and thought it was a good title for a song. He already had the lyrics written, and we already had the tune. The beats just seem to go together, so the song isn't really about killing your television, it's about whatever you want to be." In that case, I say kill the bloody tube and toast it. It's all a bunch of garbage... er... dust? (Well, if a garbage can and a dust bin are one and the same it should follow that garbage and dust are too.)

I still find it somewhat ironic that despite making what seems like a glaring musical statement on the evils of T.V., Ned's has scheduled a whole slew of television appearances across North America. They will (or have already) made appearances on both MTV and MuchMusic and will appear on some other shows that Alex couldn't remember at the time I spoke with him. Maybe Letterman, or *Arrested Development*, or *The White House* for all I know. I won't see it 'cause I don't watch T.V. I. Anyhow, I digress...

Undoubtedly, readers are probably interested in getting to the nitty-grit of the Ned's — like W5 or something. Let me share my interesting wealth of knowledge based on my brief interview and a ton of stuff borrowed from recently published articles about the band. Ned's Atomic Dustbin is: Jon Pemney (vocalist, lyricist and founding member), Alex Griffin (bassist #1), Mat Cheslin

(bassist #2), Rat Pring (Guitar) and Dan Worton (drums; notice that if you abbreviate the band's name to NAD it spells Dan backwards - mind you, this is irrelevant, I asked). According to Alex, the profile "big bang" that brought Ned's into existence happened in 1989 after, "four of [us] went to the same college near Birmingham. Most of [us] were in bands before and [we] all split off about the same time and decided to form one band. Then [we] met Dan through somebody else."

Ned's wasted no time in releasing their first single after a series of Birmingham gigs proved quite successful. Considering that they share the Birmingham limelight with groups such as PWE! and The Wonder Snuff it was only a matter of time before they'd nabbed some opening spots with both bands. In conjunction with the release of the single, "Happy," Ned's Atomic Dustbin embarked on a tour with pop-genie band Jesus Jones.

Already, rumour has it that Ned's Atomic Dustbin has been invited to join Lollapalooza II scheduled to tour this summer. Alex's response? "Yeah, rumour has had it. I'm saying no there. It is a rumour, but we have been asked and we're all up for it. If it happens, then hopefully we'll do it, if it doesn't... then no problem."

Vocalist Jon has been quoted as saying that their sound is "Pop-core" although I must say that the majority of *God Fodder* leans rather steeply towards the "pop" side of things. But then, suddenly, a raspy

bass kicks in during track like "What Gives My Son," "Nothing Like," "You," and the familiar "Kill Your Television." With two bassists it's not surprising that the music has the potential to be incredibly heavy at times. (Ned's has two bassists because during their formation the band just couldn't decide who was better.) Apparently the band's sound lends itself amazingly well to live performances in combination with their high energy and "unbridled stage antics."

Another notable aspect of Ned's is the song lyrics written by vocalist Jon. Reading through the CD cover reveals a list of titles that reflect the dismal results of several failed relationships. Sensing this bitterness, I asked Alex what exactly inspires him to write such cynical words. He replied that yes, they "are cynical, but they're not necessarily about his relationships. Y'know, he keeps things really general so that people can take what they want from 'em. As opposed to saying 'I met this girl, and the left one, and I was really sad,' he makes things sound a bit more interesting." I gotta agree. In the song "Throwing Things" Jon cast them "throwing things" composition.

I love it. I mean how much more accurate can a description of that non-communative void that seems to haunt so many relationships get?

Influences? Don't ask. Evidently, Ned's is one of those bands that has no admitted musical compatriots. (Alex had especially never heard of the 'as of late' hot CTR pop-stuff like the Pooh Sticks or the Vaseline's,

who both hail from Scotland.) When I spoke with Alex he explained that, "we all hate each other's musical tastes, so I tell you what I like you'll get completely the wrong impression." I'm never quick to comply to stubbornness so I persisted to ask him anyway: "Well, I like Hikier Dū, uh, Joni Mitchell..." He was right. I did ask a stupid question. Regardless, you now know what the bass guitarist for Ned's Atomic Dustbin listens to and that his tastes do not, in any way, reflect the music he plays and writes.

As for interesting/embarrassing little anecdotes that occurred during the interview, I did manage a few. I asked Alex if the band members were vegetarians (That was a Nardward question - shrug, dontaskme): "Uh, Jon, is the rest of us are vicious meat eaters." My response was sort of a comment, "I guess you all wear leather then?" To which Alex replied, "No, I just don't like liver." Maybe it was my Canadian or Laryngitis accent. Who knows. Who cares.

Mental picture: fall out settles across the barren ground two stages of a devastated North America. Jons withdraw into their tiny shelters equipped with a brand new God Fodder CD, cherishing their Ned's concert T-shirt, the blinding colour whose like will no doubt never be seen again, the nuclear winter of a post-Ned's Atomic Holocaust tour will settle in... silently they disappear into the recording studio shelter to initiate their next musical project... then they wait... patiently... until someone pushes the button again.

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FUTURE RAP

BY TARA SLOAN

Yo! Future Rap 1992 is in full effect boyz! Let's hope for many new promising hip hop artists to enter the scene this chill year.

For those who dig the club scene, you may already be hip to the 2pac-style grooves that get the crowd jumpin'! I'm talkin' 'bout those two brothers who rapidly rhyme along to such instruments as mellow horns and funky guitar riffs, and flow in creative native tongue style. Black Sheep? The two reasons the public may have heard in the nightclubs, on CTR's two rap shows "In Effect" and "The Real Deal," or on Much Music, are "Flave of the Month," and "The Choice is Yours."

A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing is the title of

this 1991 Polygram, 22 track release. There is a humorous song thrown on the beginning of the CD where the Black Sheep have a dream of being hardcore. The mood is explicit and somewhat violent lyrics are shouted out, but the crazy-assed attitude is slammin'! One of my favorite songs is "Strobeline Honey." A sad but true tale is dropped, told from personal experience no doubt! It seems that when these two fellas, on separate occasions, asked a girl to groove at a dancehall, the honey may have looked fine in the dark surroundings, but as soon as the strobelight revealed her true identity...Yo! They Gotta Go!

I don't really like to compare any rap artist with another one but Black Sheep do

remind me of a mix between De La Soul and A Tribe Called Quest (Sorry!) And Actually Q-Tip of a Tribe Called Quest, does appear on one of the tracks with them. A variety of styles make up this CD. From a hilarious skit called "Go To Hell," to an interview with L.A.S.M. (Ladies Against Sexist Motherfuckers), to "For Daz That Step" which contains many different samples of a certain two words (Fuck You) put to a beat. I have to say, in the words of the Black Sheep, "VANDAM! You can get with this, or you can get with that. I think you should get this, for this is where it's at!"

Chaimin to be known as "New York's Hardest" are 2 Black 2 Strong + The MMG. *Doze Hard Time on Planet Earth* is the name of the CD. The MMG is made up of: Warchild, Mean Gene, Dark Chocolate - The Devil's Food Cake Lover, C Degg, and the lead rapper Johnny Marr. Lots of reverb on the bassdrum, plenty of him! high hat, and furious dialogue is portrayed. Talk of selling crack, watchin' ones own back, and getting 'jacked' are a few of the issues mentioned here. "Only The Strong Survive" tells, in offensive language, the fact that indeed only the strong survive on the streets. Gunshots, stomping sounds, and the ever-so-famous Funky Drummer, by James Brown, and piano chords, are used in this hit. Slowing down the pace a notch, rhythmic talking of the transition of a man on the streets and in prison are described. For although on the street one may appear to be tough and rough, the minute he is arrested and sent to the penitentiary, he loses his identity of a man and becomes a piece of meat that evil can pick on and violate. No longer is he the big shot. "Ice Man Cometh," discusses police brutality as it exists in the world of today. Heavy metal guitar plays in the background. Wordplay is used in the tune "We On Drugs" which is a war on

Just Us (Justice). 2 Black 2 Strong + The MMG are pretty good in important issues are brought to the public attention, but something more is missing. Maybe more originality in deliverance is needed.

A particularly gripping, memorable release that has entered the playlist here at CTR is by Scarface of the Goto Boys. *Scarface is Back*. The first track is titled "Mr. Scarface" is kickin'. Previous Goto Boys samples and riffs have been inserted. Foul language is spread out evenly over the whole CD, but this is to be expected from this honey. By the time I had finished listening to the entirety of this release I left the CD feeling almost sympathetic towards Mr. Scarface. The majority of issues mentioned involve, mental, feelings of suicide, loneliness, heartlessness, and death. In the tune called, "Born Killer" Scarface asks the question, "I don't love me/flow the fuck I'm a love you?" And in "Diary of A Madman," he states, "I know I'm here somewhere but I can't find it..." Of course graphic stuff pertaining to sex is described in "The Pump" where Scarface is breakin' some hooker in (if you know what I'm sayin'), and the various positions, etc that he likes. Completely distasteful and a waste of a track. "Gangsta of Love", off of *Griggy* it *On That Other Level*, may have been explicit and rude, but it did have a funky loop and was definitely less offensive than "The Pimp." Scarface is for sure a Triggas Happy Nigga, as revealed in all of his hits. From listening to Scarface's lyrics a grim picture is painted of what this human being has been subject to. He claims to be a victim of society who as a child was not cared for, so he grew up not givin' a shit about nobody neither. The conclusion of the CD is on the negative tip. The last song is titled, "I'm Dead". It starts out Scarface witnessing a

street fight where he sees a nigga die. Of course it is no other than The Man himself, but Mr. Scarface does not realize that this act will cost him his mother and his girl standing over his grave...He's dead.

The last new release I managed to get a hold of is by Ice Cube's cousin, Del. *THE RUNKINe HOMOSAPIEN* with his release *I Wish My Brother George Was Here*. Ice Cube is the executive producer and it is quite evident because as previously said, he played, I mean that Cube digs the sound of the P-Funk All Stars, Funkadelic, Parliament, and James Brown. (As do many other rap artists). There are a few exceptional tracks to mention. "Dark Skin Girl", is sure to be a controversial hit. In this song Del insists that the lighter skin black girl is to be as white as possible, have a stuck up personality, are phony and fake, and mean...Whereas the dark skin girls are beautiful, complete, and the ones he'd rather be with. Del seems to have a real pissed off attitude towards a lot of things. He hates the guys who date him when he stands at the front end of the Rapid Transit, where all the old people are, etc, but he won't come up when they threaten him and he refuses to move to the back! He can't stand the attitudes that the light skin girls possess. He complains about his friends who are "Sleepin' On His Couch," eatin' his food, and watchin' his Mom's television set. Del shows concern for the kids that get stuck up for their shoes and boom! systems, "kiddin' the children like the meekers are worth a million..." Ice Cube's voice appears in the background of several tracks which is cool. "Sense Of Thing" is dope. In this tune Del discusses "Vanilla Ice." It is a truly beautiful thing to hear, and the diss is on the other level! To summarize this CD by Del *THE RUNKINe HOMOSAPIEN* I have to say that it's got the thumbs up in my book.

Street language is continuously uttered with the usual swear words here and there and then some. The lyrics raised are discussed in a funky tone way and are to be (and are) taken seriously unless otherwise intended. This is a CD where, "STREET KNOWLEDGE IS GIVEN THE PUNCH!!!"

The new BDP 12" record containing "Duck Down" a hardcore hit where blaster KRS-ONE drops quick rhyme driven "sacka crew," "Like a Throttle," which also spins fast language at the opposition, and "We in There," yet another dissin' track, are three songs that are totally hip hoppin', hard-slammin', rucka-bushin', and totally fresh for 1992! We can expect to see BDP's complete album, *Sex and Violence*, hopefully sometime real soon.

Two gentlemen who go by the names of Almighty and K.D. Rankin have a 12" out with one side presenting "Tremor Where We Live," a basic song with a reggae chorus, and the flip side with "Lyrics In A Thin," which suggests those to learn their culture and show appreciation. Loss of gearin' and loss of respect by Almighty, but altogether it's not bad (On Pestic Groove and Interscope Records).

Rapper of the month...Nobody knows his name, they only know his face, he's a real wannabe-a-Scarface!

Yo! All right a little message before I sign off for this month. For those who diss other cultures and have serious problems towards other nationalities, instead of dwelling in the dark pool of ignorance, pick up a book and learn another culture. Knowledge is the key to understanding each other. Only by asking questions can we find the answers to the situations of the past, present, and search out positive solutions for the future. Peace!



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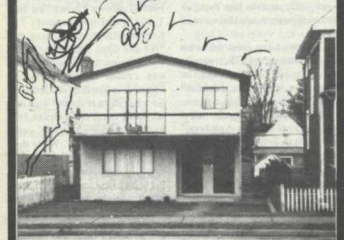
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VANCOUVER SPECIAL



BY CORAL AND REDD

Just a little group to start this month's column: Jack Fleck Fine has not broken up. Rumour has it that they will be playing with Mystery Machine at the Cruel Elephant on February 21 (we think). Speaking of Mystery Machine, they are no longer producing on Karel because the label went under, and Narbware is not impressed with their Network connections. Oh yeah, if you didn't see them, Mystery Machine opened for Fishbone! Wowee!

Is Shadown no longer or is this a Victorian myth? When is Chris Houston (Diva Tweak) gonna do the studio thing with Joe (needs no intro) Strummer? And when is he gonna start up Elvin Mondays-long time do it yourself from the studio as a haven for gurus' cow punk in Toronto back.

Speaking of the big TO, look for upcoming Bunch-o-lacking-Goods CD on Fringe, and a split 7" with both Toronto and Vancouver Fugate types, Pileg Camp and Sparkmarker respectively.

After Ridge/Juanita, Viola King has left 10 piece all girl band Krews due to some line-up discrepancies during the Rape Relief Benefit at the Cruel Elephant. Look for Viola in an upcoming splinter project (and no, I don't mean that band from Portland).

...BUT, while we're in the topic of Portland, guess mention that that city has one fine fannine called *Sideways* which offers a fine scene report (actually it's usually just a bunch of musky bullshits). *Sideways* is available at Scratch and the Cruel E.

Cory #1, from Shalade asked me to air his sour grapes in this incredibly approachable column about his unjust tour treatment from Supercollider's Shawn. However, we were both wasted at the time he told me the shtab and I was trying to get an interview with Steel Pole Bathuz. All I can say from my own sober experiences with both guys is that one is a bit of a Jaberjumper and the other is an insufferable snob and they'll probably be best friends by the time you read this incredibly obscure piece of literature that our editors seem to think isn't "opinionated" (I'm kidding with *Discorder* Standards). Perhaps if we whined more on some getting laid, or maybe went off on some tangent about thigh tattoos, or made up self-congratulatory terms like "Quincy Quack," we'd be more respected around here.

We know it's late, but we were outta in for New Years so yer getting in now.

TOP TEN LOCAL LIVE PERFORMANCES OF 1991

1. UNDER THE VOLCANO: (in Vancouver...some park). Open air, Fucpiller, Faldalis and a bunch of others I went to the beach for.

2. SHINDIG: Excitement for all. Winner-Mystery Machine, Second-Cuter than Spunky, Third-Perfume Time. Discrepancies between second and third place from many.

3. NOMEANSNO: A surprise gig under the alias of Three Guys Named Bob at the old Cruel E. No, I didn't get in either so FUCK OFF.

4. CATS GAME, TEN FEET TALL, DEPROGAMMERS, SLUDGE, SPARKMARKER(Arcadian Hall) Car's Game swung off ropes into performance history and later the place fell under siege. Guest Guest history was made as the police showed up to actually PROTECT the people instead (not the actual event, mind you, just the people).

5. FACEPULLER, BOMBHELLS, KREWS, RAPE RELIEF BENEFIT: Cruel Elephant. Just the premise of having the sex-kinky BOMBHELLS "take a stand" against rape is funny enough to keep me comin' back. Facepuller did some interesting things with power tools. Even the bassist from Piss Queen liked Krews.

6. SUPERCONDUCTOR: Neil Diamond tribute at the Cruel E. Look for Neil's version of Jonathan Livingston Sealgill by Richard Bach. A record collectors must!

7. TRUK (before they lost their integrity), GOGUY, ALLEN AND THE PSYCHO PUNK BAWK (Twilight Zone) Groups with true potential. Even if the two later groups lost Shindig, they're winners in our eyes.

8. TWERDO CLEB w/ NARDWUAI (opening for Steel Pole Bathuz): If you didn't fully hate this horridly filthy bunch of windbags for at least three full days after the show then, my friend, you are an insensitive bastard.

9. The Whistler snowboarding gig that we never went to, but people keep on talking about. Sparkmarker, Ten Feet Tall, and who knows who else. Supposedly "the ruckiest gig of the year."

10. PISS QUEEN, ZEN, REDNECKS, CARNIFEROUS RAUNCH FUC(L: Lustric Fringe) Chase (Dad's Pizza art) turned Piss Queen into a rap fusion megastar, then got rocky and thought he could try with the mighty Raunch Fuc. They backed him up with a rousing "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" which shut him up. Black hockey tape nipples and boomerhead beat-ups at all around.

LOCAL DEMO REVIEWS

Mexican Power Authority - More Discipline

Break Even Records, Jason Flower, 2185 Amy Drive, Sidney, B.C. V8L 1R2. Flower was formerly of Slidcream (a happening group) until he kicked them all out of the band and started Mexican Power Authority (Victor Abbotford runner). If you go to Victoria, I am old it's not hard to pick up Mexican Power Authority's live act at the legendary Harp's. The music is fast paced and hectic punk rock; the songs are very short, shorter than the Devoars. Strange nomenclature lyrics. Check them out if you get the chance.

Rattled Roosters - Rocket Raunch

Fine Cdn. 2547 Edgemoor Crescent Vancouver B.C. V6L 2G5. These guys seem to be heavily into the rockability type thing. Probably good to drink here to. I'm not into this kind of sound so I don't have much to say. They played at Smash on New Year's Eve, the Town Pump on January 8, and the Commodore on February 17, so if you want to check these energetic guys out it shouldn't be that hard.

Loobtag - Lost 15km

Nassau dance. Actually the lyrics are way clear and cool. Loobtag draws to heavily on that skank/sludgy/riff but it's not annoying so I won't slam them for it. I skim comes with a ruffing sing along tune. Favourite song here is "Kick Your" (most likely). Favorite lines, however "see you god of yourself! now, you're what you once hated and I will not be a part of the boredom you've created" from "Just No Way." This is probably available at Scratch, but if not, writing to Mickey Christ will get you Loobtag info. Definitely available at Funtowne and maybe Lila's in Victoria.

Voda Hill - Songs About People and Buildings

Ball of Flumes Productions, 3126 W. 13th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6K 2V3. God it's a nice change to hear a female voice. It's a good voice too. Sort of Sinead O'Connor/Natalie Merchant-ish (10, 000 Maniacs). Nine people in this band including cello and mandolin players, which might explain the music seemingly fighting the voice sometimes. The songs deal with gritty true life stuff seeing condoms on the ground.

Terror of Tinytown

This demo gives one harsh edge via. I swear I've heard it, but I've never heard this band before. The first song, "A Basket of Peas," sounds acoustic and very rhythmic in a strange kind of way. The second song, "Flesh So Right," sorta panned by. The last song, "What's the Price," is the best sounding (funniest) song of the three.

Mrs. Svenson - Dead Leaves

4013 Pacific St., Regina, Saskatchewan, S4S 6A6-9209. My apologies to Mrs. Svenson face with the review I gave them when they played with Little Joe way back when. For some reason I remembered them sounding like Fugazi, then again, I don't remember too much from that night, if you catch my drift. This demo is good quality music. It doesn't like the Devo's. Even though I sound a bit like them it's chick music (about

chicks, for chicks etc.). Good solid drum and bass. You're welcome.

Vox Populi - Ryan's Roter Tiller

Max Pelletier 220 Union Road, Victoria, B.C. V8P 2A4, 388-5791. Get that loveable Victoria sound. Yummy bass - "specially in 'Past the Pyrophy' and 'Toxic City'." The female voice of Julia Bonita is a nice surprise on the song "Carves and Lines", and then something weird happens; the last two songs disappear. They were on the tape. Maybe they have a conspiracy with Satan.

Mickey Christ - Meant to You

How does a peaceful city like Victoria spawn such aggression? Maybe it's the sewage system. I damn. Lead singer has a Husker Du-ish voice but the music styles jump around enough to avoid monotony. Great cassette cover and I'm not saying anymore or I'll get into those annoying Nomenzo comparisons again.

Operation Willis - Physically Twisted

Stone Cold Ninja Management c/o Andy Mori, 151 Government Street, Victoria, B.C. V8V 2K6, 381-5385. These guys hail all the way from Victoria, so expectations are going to be high. They sound good in the music segment, although the vocals could use some work. A kind of Nomenzo sound, as if they were the only band to influence that whole city, with a twist - Morrissey kind of lyrics. If my opinion really mattered, I'd say they were pretty good. But, that's just me.

Amulance - Last

We got a goodly with this trippy-sounding demo, and although the little band is no good, I suppose that with the help of it, I might have liked them. Like Ministry or Front 242. Hey, if that kind of thing were what I liked, then I think I could have appreciated these guys. What can you do?

Cuter Than Spunky - Live

They've live, the cutie guy with the brown hair did assured me that Cuter than Spunky will soon be releasing something even better. For some reason they sound like they're going too fast for their own ability (maybe that's on purpose). There are some songs I could come to love however I can't tell you the names of them because there's no song names on the tape.

The Bombshells

EMG, #303 68 Water Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1A4. Pretty, pink cassette cover. National Velvet, Pandoras and Guns n' Roses after move down a big bowl of estrogen. Makes 'em a bit of a man.

If you want to send YOUR demo to GTR:

1. Send it to Dale if you want them ON AIR right away, then Dale will pass 'em on to us girls.

2. Send it to us if you want your demo reviewed. PRINT right away then we'll give 'em to Dale.

3. If you are wanting your demo ON AIR and in our column SEND US TWO (one for Dale Sawyer, the guy who cuts demo and one for us).

Hope that's all clear.

Oh yeah, we're 24 demos this month (a record). The editors have been checking our column apart...for damn good reason(s), so we'll try to puttin' around ten demos each month that we think are most cool and hope that they will all be printed. We love you all.

P.S. Thanks to Mr. Anderson of Victoria for helping us review.

the cruel elephant @ 23 w. cordova the only alternative nightclub

this is yet another month of the best damn rock this town has ever seen. I tell ya, it's just getting better all the time. A lot of kids are discovering the cruel elephant for the first time and guess what? They all dig this nuffin thing commonly referred to as "alternative" music, as kicking politically incorrect fuck-you-up rock-you-right I call it, but that's not all we do. We pop, punk, funk, reggae, rock, world, roots (and even special 70's disco with cheap bevvies and no cover on Tuesdays), though we do put the all in a blender and get a very palatable mix: fun for the whole family, if your family is over 19, that is. Now the unbelievable intense lineup of the best rock bands around, but this list is in a monthly format and is subject to change, not to mention that, because we love you, we have some really great surprise shows lined up for the avid rock fan. We're not telling you about them right now, because you know, *foxy* and remember all the other ones we've had? and if those were widely advertised...wow! *RIOT CITY!* Speaking of riots...

sat feb 1 can you say SUB POP? the best pop-punk band in the world from the BEST KISSERS IN THE WORLD w/ serious punk rock from the SUPERKISSERS, both Seattle, both SUB POP feb 4 cruel 70's disco 250: no cover! feel cheap! wed feb 5 from california THIS IS OUR DAUGHTER w/ SINNERS SQUAD w/ A POSSIBLE MYSTERY BAND...you know, what would be fun? a couple of wild punk funk killer bands that you can dance your face off to at night, so here goes: thurs feb 6 LESTER'S WAGON w/ RUSTY NAILS now do we have great shows or what? dig this: fri feb 7 SUB POP recording artists AFGHAN WHIGS (yes these afghan whigs from cincinatti) w/ guests: now you say how about some good of rock in la, I say well this is the cruel elephant so how about filling your pants from the sweet sounds of el harbo supreme on sat feb 8 DOSE PUNK w/ KISS KISS N' BANG w/ RUMBLE FISH wed feb 11 cruel 70's disco: no cover, this is great! the revival no record, but too much fun to say no to! wed feb 12 a pop release and a very fine misunderstood & heavy metal MARY w/ RED SUGAR w/ DANCING ON GLASS (don't miss these fine local acts) thurs 13 heavy heavy heavy rock night w/ THE PASTIES w/ GREY SKIES w/ GO GUY fri feb 14 fall in love on valentine's day with TWO LEFT RED (surely the spin doctors) w/ THE HOWLOWHEADS sat feb 15 an evening of spine-tingling adventures of blazing pop punk the sweaters w/ victoria's infamous SHOE BUSINESS GIANTS (can you dig maybe a SHOVELBESSNESS/MEANSNO) w/ MR. WRONG (whew, that's wrong) w/ pop sensations from victoria B.U.M. wed feb 18 disco disco still free, cheap and easy wed 19 we dare you so that means punk rock at the elephant T.B.A. thurs feb 20 C.S.F. presents three minute mile recording artists in a record release party that will go down in infamy: CATS GAME w/ F.Y.F. w/ CARDIOKA fr 21 next are three bands of past history and damn fine bands too: MYSTERY MACHINE w/ JACK FELLS FINE (yee haw! these guys are broken up no longer, there's hope!) w/ CUTTER THAN SPUNKY sat 22 noise, noise, noise that makes me get a chubby: scratch recording artists & grunge whizzes LUNG w/ back to kill again THE SUPERKISSERS (now everybody that has seen these guys say they're on unbelievably good music, so come early! not to be missed!) w/ portland's CRACKERBASH thurs 25 disco dance to the disco! ha! no cover! save money! wed 26 I don't want anybody's love getting all high as a kite, so I'm not telling you anything but the list is incredible: thurs 27 one & G-A...you dig? thurs 27 yes! you'll see the return of barkeley's amazing SMOKIN' RHYTHM PRAWNS (all you can eat!) w/ THE LUDWIGS fr 28 what is this: cool RUN WESTY RUN sat 29 the legends live on, now this is rock: JOE KATHYAN w/ INSTINCT w/ DOG EAT DOG (formerly doggits) w/ guests: this may be a very special guest, too! that's all for feb, hope no one misses anything: I know it all looks so good, but here's something extra to look forward to: GORILLA GORILLA, JONESTOWN PUNK, THE HUNGRY CROCODILES, THE OTIS, SHLEPPROCK, NOFX, THE M.I. EXPERIENCE, BOY CHINGS, JAPAN'S NIMROD, THE COWS, HAMMERHEAD and lots more, see? we do love you! open 9-2 a.m.; tickets are as cheap as possible, as always...so what the fuck else do you want? that's right, anything else would just be greedy! love the cruel elephant, because it loves you.

great bands, pool tables, videos, pinball, what the fuck else do you want???

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UNDER REVIEW

SMASHING PUMPKINS

Lull

(Caroline)

This 4-song EP produced by Billy Corgan (guitarist/vocalist), creative epicure and brainchild behind Chicago's Smashing Pumpkins, and Butch Vig, the Grand Poobah of indie-rock king twisting in an otherwise flat-2000 decade, plays emotional ragweed with you.

It was no surprise to me when I came across this disc bathing in an aural aura at Bellingham's Cellophane Square. It's been out for awhile in America but has yet to make it to Canadian import shelves. And this is why we have Free Trade: so I can pay duty on a product which should have been available to us over a month ago. But I digress.

Already my body torques with excitement, and the adrenal ruck from my pineal gland is like a slow-moving glacier in comparison to my anticipation and emaciation for new Pumpkin product. A conflict in my emotions occurs immediately, as my joy in finally purchasing "Lull" is brought to combat against the disappointment of its length and price. "Lull" is only 4 songs long and has the beefy price of \$9.99 (U.S.) attached to it. Furthermore, there isn't a glossy photo of D'arcy in the CD sleeve, and this is known to bring about fits of depression in all testosterone-kind males. Describing the sleeve is kind of difficult, but it's similar to that of silicone-in-a-tube stuff that you squirt on a tray and then bake in the oven with the final product resembling a stained glass hedgehog—visually pleasant.

Anyway, "Lull" starts out with "Rhinoceros" which was "stolen from Gish" and is a glittering star through the dense underbrush of sentiment. The massive and brutal imagery of a rhinoceros is in direct contrast to this song even with its aggressive guitar-mud-fing chorus. The simultaneous voice/guitar note verbatim pulls you through the song like a Saint Bernard with a keg of brandy around its collar, the hot and sweet taste of ransom after the frightening chill of desecration.

"Blue" picks up from the ves-

tiges of that place where "Rhinoceros" left us. A bass line similar to Faith No More's "Falling To Pieces" works this tune into a beautifully frantic love song. Like a wrought iron gate swinging in a rain-bow-riddled sun-shower, "Blue" slows its pace to a hypnotic anchor which takes the song out.

"Slunk" is the only example of a Smashing Pumpkin song which slightly hints to that monkey-on-the-college-radio-back-influence of Dinosaur Jr. A two and 3/4 minute duty, which accents on a choir of layered guitars and that oh so retro (but how we love it) fuzz guitar solo with wah-wah pedal doing overtime. Easily the fastest song of the 4 and the epitome of how a Smashing Pumpkins' song should sound. "Right on, motherfucker," whines Billy Corgan as he dumps in his nearest opium den with a head full of hallucinogens and almost apologies to us with the serenity of "Bye June".

An acoustic ballad with heavy emphasis on Corgan's esoteric and all-weather voice. "Bye June" is 5 chords that ooze with most emotion they'll pull the heartstrings on the coldest motherfucker, and maybe even get you into the sack with a long time friend with whom you've shared a plutonic relationship with. Like laying in a hammock with the smell of lilacs in the air and watching a butterfly land on your toe; pretty. Never has a song emitted this much sincerity and emotional intensity since Neil Diamond's ("I Am, I Said") nuff said. Scooter

MATERIAL

The Third Power
(Axiom/Island)

Material is the brainchild of Bill Laswell, who I don't know too much about, but that shouldn't matter because it's the music that counts. As far as I can tell, Mr. Laswell is friends with a lot of cool people in the music industry, and he gets a few of them together and they write a few tunes and release them. Some of these artists in-

clude Afrika Baby Bambastan, Mike G of the Jungle Brothers, Jalaluddin Manur Nuriddin of the Last Poets, dancehall reggae rudeboy Shabazz Rankin, master P-Funk, and Bootsy's Ruffner Band (???). With bassman Bootsy Collins (on guitar).

Other heavyweight names include P-Funk's Gary "Guitar" Slider (???), Gary "Drummer on Atomic Dog" Mudbone Cooper, Bernie "Keyboards" Worrell, Michael "Guitar" Hampton, Herbie Hancock, Riddin' Twins Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, and the James Brown horn section composed of Fred Wesley, Maceo Parker, and Pee Wee Ellis. Wow!

Anyway, *The Third Power* is really held down by Sly and Robbie's drum and bass work, which is smooth and rock steady as always. Everybody else sort of piles on top of this groove, with a number of people handling the vocals. Shabba leads on "Reality," cuttin' it up on the dancehall reggae tip while Baby Bam and Mike G rap on "Playin' With Fire." Next comes my favourite tune, "Cosmic Slop," an old Funkadelic song which has been updated to perfection. This is one awesome track! The rest of the tracks flow on with the same kind of groove. For example, "The Deception" has a kind of modernized hip-hop reggae beat with lots of loose raps with choruses sung over top, and smooth horns and keyboards that add ambience to the mix. Well, there ya go. The lyrics are also worth noting, as most of them are responsible comments on a decaying society. Take for instance the Jecryly (????) Brothers addressing the drug problem, and Jalaluddin explaining the evil American dollar in "E-Pluribus-Unum" (money from many). And to top it all off, they even cover a Bob Marley song, "Mellow Mood."

Adam Sloan

LAST CALL

Zulu 2 CD Set
Vancouver Independent Music 1978-1988

You've gotta appreciate a guy like Grant McDonagh for having his shit together, and for the time and energy it took to compile the 48 cuts by 48 bands on this essential 2 CD set. You've also gotta appreciate the fact that we now have, for our listening pleasure, for the first and probably only time, these great and otherwise lost in the past tunes available on the CD format.

For description sake, the music contained on *Last Call* is your basic punk, hard-core, post-punk pop, with a touch of West Coast twang thrown in for good measure. Labels aside, this is Rock's Roll at its best: timeless, irreverent, raw, spontaneous and as essential today as it was when first recorded. Spanning the years 1978 to

1988, vibrant and exciting years indeed, *Last Call* exhibits many of the lower mainland's better and/or notorious bands of that era. Some made it to vinyl, others as far as tape. As compiled here though, these recordings, for the most part, are worthy of a place in Canadian music history.

Disc One kicks ass from the start. The Furries, Skalls, Diathras, DOA, Victorian Pork and many other staples of Vancouver's heyday are featured here. To this day I think God that these bands appeared when they did. There were few live music clubs of interest, Disco was sucking the big wazoo, Prog-rock was accelerating up its own butt at a dangerous pace, and Barry Manilow was more popular than the Beatles and was being considered as the next Pope. There are 28 bands featured here, all relevant contributors to a re-awakening music scene. Many classic cuts are included: "Slave to my Dick" by the Subhumans, "Hawaii" by the Young Canadians, the time "Waiting for the Drugs to Take Hold" by the Secret V's, and "Teenage Barnacle" from the Enigmas who incidentally played a very spirited set at the CD release party (too bad the same can't be said for the Groovoholics who aren't on *Last Call*, but did play two sets). It's time Dave Gregg considered a change of occupation, or perhaps a total blood transfusion.)

Where Disc One chronicles the re-birth of Vancouver's live music scene, Disc Two shows us why, at times, eleven years later, things were not as they once were. Not that Disc Two is a let down, not at all. There's Nomeansno, X, Brainster, Todd, Herold Nix, and The Scramblers plus 15 others. Also, any collection with No Fun's "Be Like Us" is worth the price of admission. Vancouver music has

always had a strong female presence, and here we have Family Plot, The Work Party, Bolero Lava, Go Four's, Animal Slaves, No Fun, Lost Durango, Poisoned, Bob's Your Uncle, and the Hip Type, all featuring women vocalists and/or players.

If you have spent the years '77-'88 listening to CTR, frequenting venues like The Windmill, The Buddha, or City Space, *Last Call* can satisfy your nostalgic needs. Producer McDonagh calls this a "collection of musical snapshots," and that is it. Even if you've never heard of these bands, *Last Call* stands the test of time and like all good snap shots, they're good any time.

Norm van Rassel

THE YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS WITH RICHARD PETERSON
New Young Fresh Fellows Theme!
Mathisization 7"
(Popluma)

It's the Young Fresh Fellows. Yes, the Young Fresh Fellows. Yes, the Young Fresh Fellows are my favourite band. Yes, they rock. Yes, I dig everything they put out. Yes, this single is a milestone in their career. The question is my friends, what kind of milestone? Is it a milestone of fulfillment and satisfaction, or is it a mile-stone of frustration and disappointment? This 7" vinyl slab is extremely well done with a very big bossy BAND sound, featuring the Young Fresh Fellows and Seattle's top songwriter/Planiist/Trumpeter Richard Peterson. This is not Peterson's first collaboration with the Young Fresh Fellows, either. Remember that wild brats at the beginning of "TV Dream" from the Fellows'

hottest selling album *The Men Who Loved Music*? That's Richard. Seemly, just after that release, Peterson wrote the A-side to this single, "New Young Fresh Fellows Theme" on July 7, 1987 (where were you?). The first two lines of the song are: "No one likes the Young Fresh Fellows no fans anymore/No one comes to shows at the Sports Bar like they did before." So what does it mean? Tell me, why did the Young Fresh Fellows wait four and a half years to put the song out? Were they waiting for the right time? Is now the right time? Who out there has *Electric Bird Digest*? What the hell does "Young Fresh Fellows should have fifth member trumpets and keyboards/More like the Huey Lewis album *Power House* means? What's going on with The Young Fresh Fellows? Is it a lark, a joke, a comedy of errors or is it bitterly serious?

Flipping to the B-side is another Peterson composed number, a tribute to the Velvet Prince, Johnny Mathis. "Mathisization" is a brooding, very groovy anthem that works well, making this single an extremely hot yet confusing Young Fresh Fellows commodity. Go get this single. Listen to it. Try to explain what it means to me. If you don't understand it, ask 'em in person on Friday January 31, and Saturday February 1, when they play the Town Pump. Backing 'em up is the star of the Flamin' Groovies, Roy Loney. Young Fresh Fellows, don't go away.

Grant Lawrence

TEENAGE FANCLUB

Bandwagonesque
(DGC)

First it was the Pastels, then the Vastelins and now Teenage Fanclub! Will Scottish POP madness



THERE MIGHT BE CATS

EXPLODING



1992 M.F.F.

never stop? In the true phenomenon status, Teenage Fanclub explode from their native land of Scotland onto the world scene with an incredible release on the "major" DGC label of LA. Simply defined, this record is "POP." It's hard, it's soft, it's slow and fast, it's melodic, chaotic and crunchy. Sometimes it's even got the "big rock" sound, in a good way. The music is a very symbolic result of what has been happening in the UK POP scene for years. When

listening to *Bandwagonesque*, "that sound" is instantly recognizable: the eclectic POP styling of the aforementioned Pastels and Vaselines as well as other UK groups like the Posh Posh and Heavenly. It's the sound that's spurred many a North American combo as well, take for instance *Beat Happening* or *Nirvana*. Anyway, Teenage Fanclub is a deep listen; great music for working on a jigsaw, or when taking a long drive. It's a fine record, get it. And thank goodness for Half Japanese, no?

Grant Lawrence

THE KRAVIN' 'A's

Kravis On! (Hangman Records)

Hangman Records of the UK releases 39th album! And to commemorate this milestone of achievement in independent rock and roll, the gents at Hangman have released a stellar recording of neat, proper rock and roll. And that, simply is, just what the Kravin' "A's" are: very neat and very proper. No tube-screamed, over-driven battle-axe heavy friends, just real rock and roll. This band is brand new on the scene, and what a debut release! It's a full LP of great, groovy songs very much in the style of the Beatles circa 1962-1963. The vocals are pristinely coarse, hitting every lovely note possible, and sounding very much like a young John Lennon. Most of the songs feature a great Beatlesque British pop sound where as some such as "Tripwire" and "Sometimes" wander into the dark, brooding world of R'n'B and Midway Soul. No matter what the Kravin' "A's" musically dabble in, every song is great with extreme standouts being "Pay Day" and "Baby,

What's Your Game?"

If these numbers were released in '63 or '64, they would easily enter the Top 40 of Isle faves, no doubt about it! After a couple of your own personal spins I'm sure you'll tend to agree with me that the Kravin' "A's" are a fine band playing fine music. Intelligent, creative songwriting, clean and crunchy guitars, and an all around fantastic sound rockets the Kravin' "A's" *Kravis On!* to the top of my boys for this month

Grant Lawrence

Unsane

S/T (Matador)

Hot on the heels of their "Jungle Music" 7", comes the long awaited debut LP from NYC's Unsane. An EP would have already been around for some time, but due to distribution problems a change in labels had to be made. You may recognize the members Chris Spencer (guitar, vocals), Pete Shore (bass) and Charlie Ondras (drums) from other New York combos (the ultra-cool) Action Swingers and Boss Hogg), yet Unsane takes quite a different approach to the East Coast Grunge formula.

Unsane uses the basic guitar, bass, drums line-up and produces an unrelentingly hurricane of sound that relies mainly on heavily pounding drums, screaming guitar riffs and indecipherable vocal spewings. Their music is designed to move your bowels and not your hips - songs like the opener, "Organ Donor," and "Slag" fit this description. Other songs like "Exterminator," "Vandal-X," (previously available on a limited single club 7" only on Sub Pop)

"Aza-2000" and "Cracked Up" also provide numerous doses of chaotic dirge with which to scare your friends.

Unsane's music is made to shock, dazzle and confuse you. If you can stomach the front cover (Let's just say it's of a guy who missed "the last train to Clarksville") then you can stomach the delicious offerings of Unsane.

Bryce Dunn

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Until the End of the World (soundtrack) (Warner)

Oh Boy! Can this be true? A whole album of despairing songs about life and unrequited love? A movie soundtrack, no less! Does this mean a film about everyone's favourite theme is soon to follow? The answer to these questions is, of course, yes.

The soundtrack to Wim Wenders' *Until the End of the World* is a fantastic mix of known and lesser known artists featuring an excellent blend of musical styles. Consistency and coherence are maintained throughout the CD. However, most of the songs are low-key, slow affairs, and all share the same themes of love and life's ability to make our lives at times wonderful or miserable, but always magically unpredictable.

Highlights include the last Talking Heads song (ever?) "Sex and Violence," featuring latin rhythms, murky, atmospheric music and an ethereal David Byrne. Crime and the City's Solution does an eerily perfect job of imitating Leonard Cohen on "The Adversary." Meanwhile, Lou Reed's "What's Going On" features a seventies-inspired rock-god guitar intro that quickly

slides into familiar Reed terrain characterized by less pretentious guitar sound and cynical observations such as, "I've good but not fair for all."

All this plus more! Also included are: a very creepy and cool song by Julee Cruise, a psychedelic Elvis Costello tune, a weird surrealist blues bit by T. Bone Burnett and a fun, spoken word theatrical number by Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds. There are no obviously awful songs here and even the excerpts from the film's New Age score are brief enough to test only the most intolerable listeners.

Don't be put off by the lack of upbeat, happy songs. The music is beautiful and the lyrics are poetic and intelligent. Besides, if you listen closely enough, you may discover that *Until the End of the World*'s message is not necessarily one of bleak despair.

Miko Walkley

ARAYMUSIC

Chroma

(Are You Serious Music)

Araymusic is an established Canadian new music organization, consisting of an ensemble of excellent performers, a concert season in Toronto, and a workshop/competition for young composers. This recording is their second DC release, and contains the music of three prominent Canadian composers as well as music by Steve Reich and Kevin Volans. The first piece, "Little Venice," is by Linda C. Smith (artistic director of Araymusic) and is the best work I have heard of hers. Smith's music is very delicate and vaguely reminiscent of one of her teachers, the late Morton Feldman.

Clarinetist Robert W. Stevenson turns in an excellent performance of Reich's "New York Counterpoint." His performance of this piece was the highlight of Araymusic's concert at Graceland a few years ago. "Merapi," by Jose Evangelista consists of a melodic line which is developed by explosion and heterophonic dispersion throughout the ensemble. I find the material of "merapi" similar to Boulez's "Memoriale," and while I don't think this is Evangelista's finest music, its playful sparkle is always enjoyable. Rodney Sharman's "Dark Glasses" changes the tone to one more autumnal than that of its predecessor. All aspects of the composition are well cared for, resulting in a work which is sometimes comically over the top or extended; I am confident, however, that this is what the composer intends. "She Who Sleeps With A Small Blanket" by South African expatriate Kevin Volans is an extroverted solo percussion piece performed by Beverly Johnston. After approximately twelve minutes of dynamic drumming, the concluding marimba solo ends this varied recording with great subtlety. Overall, I think the ensemble performances are somewhat unstable. A few extra-musical details which I noticed and appreciated are the excellent recording quality, and the care taken in preparing the front and back covers (printed on recycled paper). The first pass at notes on the music is a series of esoteric observations by poet Christopher Dewdney.

Paul Steenulsen

M

FOFO'S PSYCHOTRONIC PIX O' THE MONTH

Let me tell you about Slade, boyz'n'girls. You may have heard of them from your dad in a fit of nostalgia before he wound his way to his men's movement group, or Reform Party meeting, or whatever hellacious early middle age support group he's chosen to cling to. But let your faithful scribe

give you the straight skinny.

Slade is the band we all wish we could be in. Basically four working class yobboes from England whose collective IQ's were lower than their shoe sizes, were the ultimate steyward rock band. Clocking in hits from '71-'74, with the funniest hip-power-guitar riffs and anthems, Slade predicated S/Tap by a decade. The songwriting team of Noddy Holder and Jimmy Lee churned out songs with great titles like "Look Wot You Don't," "Skewez Me Pleez Me," and others that the illiterate English youth embraced as they trained for future careers as football bootleggers.

The luggers have hung around for over twenty-five years now, having used their royalty checks (from Quiet Riot's abhorrent covers of "Can On Feel the Noise" and "Mama Weer All Crazy Now") to buy more tartan scarves, learn to spell, and score a minor hit with "Run Run Away" in '84. The following LP's are guaranteed to snap you out of your blues, although listening to them too much can suck out your brain.

SLADE MUST HAVE'S:

LP's - Slade Alive (Polydor)

Slade Alive Two

Slayed? (brix info)

and any albums with the following songs:

Gudby T' Jayne

Can On Feel The Noise

Skewez Me Pleez Me

Coz I Luv You

and, of course, any title you have to decipher.

LETTERS SECTION!!!!!!

Youthful JERRY GILL of pleasant, yet hopelessly boring Burnaby, writes:

Dear Mof,

Here's a record that will thrill you to no end:

"Cybil Does It... to Cole Porter"

- Cybil Shepherd (1974, Paramount)

It comes complete with a gatefold sleeve containing, among other things, a sexy pic of Cybil without a bra, and celebrity endorsements by Fred Astaire, Cary Grant, Gene Kelly, and Orson Welles. Charms, say, "I only wish Cole could have heard it."

Experience the forefather of "Red, Hot and Blue" (This is one totally shameless record; enjoy).

Forever in torment,

Jerry Gill

P.S. Please, please, please mention my name in your article. I'll really miss the checks.

Well, Jerry, you have immaculate taste, but to date I cannot find said Pic. Best way to look for the video, or soundtrack, is to borrow Rick by Peter Bogdanovich called *At Long Last Love* musical featuring Cybil, Bert Reynolds, and his pooch Don Delouise, in a musical with a steaming heap of Cole Porter 'song stylings'

INFO UPDATE!!!!!!!

Kudos to KIRK FURNISS for alerting me to a novelty tune I forgot to mention last month. The Royal Guardsmen (a hoister band) came out with "Snoopy vs. the Red Baron" in the late '60s. Very stupid song in the UK bubblegum craze vein. Kirk remembered it from seeing the record printed on the back of a box of Alpha-bits, no less (you won't see that anymore, puppies, what with the demise of records).

Merrie Whitmore, a truly bodacious Theatre major, has given me the lowdown on Leif Garrett. Apparently the series he was on was called *Fama* (kinds like a drama about Joe Average, which lasted about 15 minutes of the season in 1974). And the maintain that he was a singer before a TV heartthrob. Our researchers are looking into the allegations...

All of the lucky people above get a choice of one of the following: Tom Jones - Delish, Super Bad (comp.), or The Partridge Family - Up to Date. These LPs will be at CITR and can be picked up by the above three people. You also receive membership in the MOFO ARMY, which may include an embarrassing sticker and card, if I get my act together. That's all that fits, and keep those letters coming!!!!

FOFO'S PSYCHOTRONIC PIX O' THE MONTH

M





Pixies/Pere Ubu
Commodore
Tuesday 16 December 1991

Ick. Bleah. Yuck. Bosc. Hiss. The Pixies helped save my life some years back and now I swear they're trying to put me back in the grave. Well this may be a tad melodramatic but around the time of *Doolittle* (my 25th year: both the best and worst time of my existence, so far) I fell head-over-heels in love with this band who were SPEAKING TO ME and helped make the ride easier. Perhaps you know what I mean, I can't really describe it—or not in this short space.

Then comes *Bossanova* and now the newie, *Trompe le Monde*, fine recordings but something isn't right. I hear of stardom in Europe. Big Ego's. Huge gigs in arenas. Then the band is back in Vancouver for two nights. I go. Please read the first five words of this review for my synopsis of the second show. You want more detail? Okay. A super slick light show, with no room for improvisation. Playing almost all the new lp with smarmy intro like "this is our latest single." Saving the best song from the new one, *Planet of Sound* for the encore (oldest fuckin' rock star trick in the world). I was not impressed, friends. I was saddened.

What was missing at this concert was a connection with the audience. These guys aren't speakin' to me anymore. I'm listening, but only hear the sound of a cash register.

On the bright side, Pere Ubu was thoughtful, genuine and dare I say, beautiful. They played a slowed down version of *Heart of Darkness*, the stirring 30 seconds over *Tokyo* (more noise please) and an apocalyptic version of *Final Solution* along with great new stuff. I plan on getting their last few recordings (*Cloudland*, *Worlds in Collision*) and catching up on this wonderful band I had let go of. Pity. Dave Thomas and co were splendid and his voice is just as much an acquired taste as ever. Final Score: Pere Ubu 1 Pixies zip.

Mrs. Beeman

Tin Machine
The Paramount Theatre
Seattle, WA
Friday 20 December 1991

Starting off with the short outburst that is "Bus Stop," Tin Machine invaded the stage at Seattle's Paramount Theatre. By the fourth song, a brilliant version of "I Can't Read," the expanded Tin Machine (with the addition of a rhythm guitar player) was raging at full throttle.

At this point they seemed too intent on proving this wasn't just David Bowie's band, by featuring first the drummer, Hunt Sales, and then bassist Tony Sales on vocals. These needless songs, little more than re-worked bits, were only saved by the flawless musicianship of the unit. Led by the effects-laden guitar of Reeves Gabrels, they displayed an ability to take the songs in any direction they felt like. Had Tin Machine stuck to a simple set-up with Bowie handling all the vocals, they would have come across as more original and innovative than they ultimately did.

Not until the end of their thirteen song set did Tin Machine regain the rage of "I Can't Read" with a sublime "Heaven's Here." The encore, consisting of a tootling "Crack City" and another Hunt Sales vocal number, "Sorry," provided an unexpectedly quiet end to the evening. Opening band, The Neighbourhoods, are hardly worth mentioning. We've all seen and heard enough of unoriginal bands with waist-length hair that lose your interest halfway through their first song.

Christopher Roberts

Tin Machine
The Commodore
Friday 21 December 1991

The David Bowie, or Tin Machine, show was pretty fab. I found out I was going the week of the show! Yikes, I had 5 days to memorize the Tin Machine playlist. I knew not to expect any Bowie! stuff and wanted a firm grounding of this TM group-oh.

On our way to the Commodore we cut through an alley and out of nowhere appeared a big, gray, Budget rent-a-van carrying you know who. The van slowed,

we waved and Bowie! grinned. Budget! I was pleasantly surprised.

Showtime! I have never seen the Commodore stage look so small. My pal and I went our separate ways and I bopped around the whole night, catching every angle of the thin white duke's profile. Truly, as far as old-guard-rock-legends go, Bowie! is right up there (my teeny-bop days of air-guitaring along to the *Changes* lp I remember well).

Tin Machine is a fine ensemble, but let's face it, most were there to see the British Guy. Some observations of this final show left of the tour:

- * Bowie! kicked the mic stand into the audience. Hard. I blinked. He smiled.
- * The show was loud. Anyone not wearing plugs—does anyone not wear ear protection these days?—probably didn't feel so hot the next day.
- * Two cover versions: An outstanding *Debay* (Pixies) sung by the darker of the Sales' bros, Tony, and the latest version of the Velvet's *Waiting for the Man* imaginable, sung by Bowie! near the end of the night.

* Scalpers were asking \$50 bucks as we entered the show.

* Bowie! played acoustic guitar and smoked too many cigarettes.

* The crowd was nicely spread out, this enabled me, with a charming smile or two along the way to get within 10 feet of the stage.

* Fashion note: Bowie! came out in white jeans and patterned shirt, later changed into blue and white striped Ziggy-ish tights. Dave put on a blond rooster cut wig which he wore for the last half of show. The rest of the band wore tannos.

* Songs that worked great: *Baby Universal*, *You Belong in Rock n' Roll*, the line in *A Big Hurt* where Bowie! shrieks "You're my room mate from hell." Songs that went nowhere: *I Can't Read* (featuring the refrain "I can't read shit anymore"), *Crack City* and the dull blobs of Hunt Sales (*Stateside*, *I'm Sorry*).

* Dave was as genial as could be. He announced this was the TM "Christmas Pak-tee" and made small talk. He was soft spoken and charming even when booked right in the forehead (good shot, asshole!) with a pack of matches; he was speaking at the time, examined the matches and said thanks! Classy.

After two encores the band was gone. A very surreal evening with the original Chameleon David Bowie, oh right, and Tin Machine.

Judith Beaman

Laughing Stock
Brand New Unit
Sludge
Procreation
Arcadian Hall
Saturday 21 December

There were two things I was looking forward to at this latest installment of Gest Quest Co-Op Presentations: the first being that Ten Feet Tall wasn't playing, and the second, being the debut of Brand New Unit.

BNUned by Jinx Stringer (Flex Your Head fame) ripped through a set of songs defying their own brand of hardcore. Mixing the set up with faster songs like "Big Top" and "Have Fun," and a few slower songs like "Not The Same" they left the audience feeling more than satisfied. BNU are easily one of the better bands on the local hardcore scene with a unique sound. A must see.

Since I arrived late at the show I missed Laughing Stock, and therefore Sludge and Procreation were left to cap off the evening. NOT! Sludge and Procreation never made it to the stage, thanks to a few beer drinking fans and a complimentary visit from the Vancouver Police Dept. A few words to you lousy fucks that blew the whole show for the rest of us: if you have the uncontrollable need to will beer before/at shows a more covert approach is definitely required or there won't be any all ages gigs in the far or near future.

Drinking in the hall is a sure-fire way to shut down things. Use your head, it's an all ages gig. I don't know where you come from but in this province the LEGAL drinking age is 19. Be creative; drink in your car, maybe at home or your friends' house.

Also, a special thanks to the two punk rock heroes, the destroyer of the washroom door and the "let's take on the cops" idiot. You all made

the show a little bit more enjoyable, and showed us all just how many cells your tiny little brain contained. Anarchy my ass, why don't you all crawl back under the rock where you came from.

Jason X

Love on Ice
The Paramount/
OK Hotel
Saturday 28 December

It required a few parental nudge-ups, hours of driving and many a timing fluke, all for Love On Ice twice.

We finally found Ticketmaster on Broadway (after walking by it twice) to purchase our 9x90 II tickets. In a tone which emanated "you stupid Canadians" the chick at the desk told us the concert sold out 20 minutes ago. Great. It's only a small chunk of my life shattered forever. Heartbroken, we wandered down to 9x90 II central, the Paramount. Maybe if we stare at the building long enough, tickets will jump out of it! (And they dare call Canadians stupid.) But soft, what light from beyond rainy horizon breaks? 'T was Love On Ice's tour manager (who luckily recognized us) and taking pity on our travel weary bones, put us on a guest list.

A burden lifted, we found fleeing back to car quite easy (plus we had to haul ass to get organized before the show opened). We motored back to Bellevue (land of

American princesses and Rotweiler puppies) to deal with the relatives and fight for the show.

Later, back in Seattle, our first ordeal was to find the Paramount again in the rain. Fingers crossed that our ethereal tour guy hadn't forgotten us, we were pleasantly surprised when we received not only tickets, but good ones too.

Love On Ice was on first for this show which was presented by radio station, "The End." LOI are from Portland and released a song demo in '89. Their full length album on some major label will, ironically, be out on February 14th. The crowd was impressed with their happy yet psycho sounds, and a mosh/dance/jump and flail area developed before the stage. After Love On Ice, bands such as Sky Cries Mary, Hammerhead, Gas Huffer and Ocean Blue were to play, but we missed them. Once again our friendly tour manager appeared reminding us that LOI were playing again this night at the OK Hotel.

Miraculously placed on a guest list (I love cashing in favours) we breezed into the OK. It's sorta like a cafe atmosphere with a big room in the back containing a stage etc. The place was dead so we were vlogged at a table whilst Sissy and Paisley Sin provided the background music. It was here that we were finally reunited with the LOI men and enabled to introduce our crystals to one another.

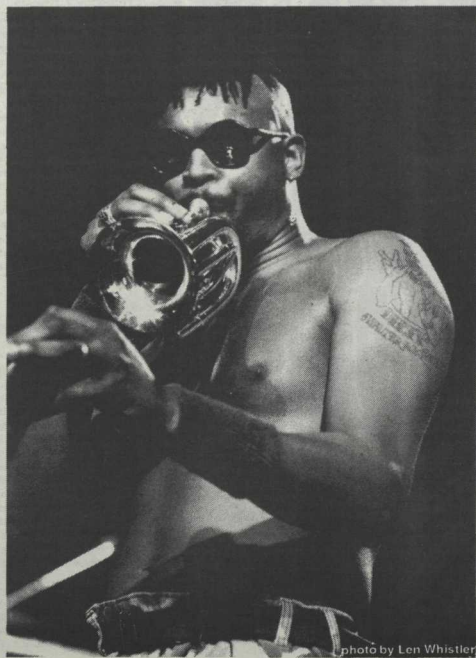


photo by Len Whistler



ALTERNATIVE MODALS FUNK THURSDAYS COOL THURSDAYS JUGS \$9.99

Mondays Only: No Cover Before 10pm. Free Admission After 10pm with this ad.

The show at the OK Hotel was the best I've seen - anywhere, any band. The stage was quite small but it really didn't matter. Unlike most crowds in Vancouver (at any venue) people were there to hear and see the band, and not check out what the latest fashion statement is, or promote themselves. Indeed, a refreshing and extremely non-snoopy bunch. In spite of this being their second show of the night, LOI were brimming with vigor. Songs like "Leave Me Alone," "Country Boy," "Sweet Thing" and "Showdown" (from the Bill & Ted soundtrack) got every one swarming and dancing like music starved maniacs around the balloon filled room. Producer Rick Parashar even got up and played keyboards. Once the lights came up and I saw how few people were actually there, the amazement really set in. There had been more energy there from both band and audience than I've ever felt at the OK for awhile, but were eventually grabbed by the band to go relax at the hotel.

Leaving a trail of woeful tears behind us, we somehow tore ourselves away from Seattle the next night, satisfied with what we'd seen, but not with what we were returning to.

Emma

Pigment Vehicle
OTTG
INRI

Cruel Elephant
Thursday 2 January
OTTG did not like. The lead singer (who was old) wore a cape and glasses and a lot of other stage act stuff. I liked INRI at first, then I got bored of them. Pigment Vehicle ruled. Their set was highly intense. The drummer stood out in my mind as being very insane. Insane but incredible fast, incisive and talented. The music was Victoria-like, which is a good thing, not a bad thing. Also, they seemed very young, so I'm sure there will be good things to come for and from them. They made the cover of Monday, a Victoria entertainment magazine (like our Georgia Strait). Be sure to check them out. Oh ya and thanks to Steve from Sidney for carrying the box.

Coral

Fishbone
Mystery Machine
The Commodore
Friday 10 January

Everytime I finally come off my high of attending a Fishbone gig (3x in the past 6 months now), I feel as though I've just been taken off of a dialysis machine: cleansed, rejuvenated, breathing new life and my veins full of new blood. Actually, that kind of sounds like an enema but different strokes... Whether that sensation is purely psychological or a direct result of the adrenalin saturated live performance that Fishbone puts, on has yet to be determined but, regardless, the effect plays havoc with your inertia and DNA structure.

Fishbone don't just play to a crowd and take their audience's attentiveness for granted, they leave you no choice but to be a member of the festivities. Whether it's skank-

ing in the pit, grooving in your own space, or screaming out the words to "Lyn' Ass Bitch," feeling The Bone is a requirement.

When Fishbone wandered onto the stage they emitted a confidence unmatchd by others but they did this despite themselves. Sure, they're a band with a message but that line separating them from preaching is seldom crossed. What are they going to say to a ballroom full of white, anglo-saxon, upper middle-class christians anyway? The message is lost on a crowd whose indoctrination to Fishbone was through Coast 800 and videos produced by Spike Lee who has about as much black culture as a tub of icecream yogurt. And then there's Much Music's authority on black power, Michael Williams, who is whiter than the crack of David Lee Roth's untanned butt. Now I'm far from being anything of an authority on the trials and tribulations of the blacks but I know cheese when I see and hear it. Frongage.

Anyways, Fishbone gigs get better every time I see them and every time also proves to be far different from the others. But every time I feel more and more like a member of the Fish Family. Not to say that I grow a dorsal fin and have the sudden ability to breathe through my skin (although I am a Pisces) but I feel as though I've been a part of Fishbone's strife, and therefore mission, from the beginning. No, I didn't grow up in the ghetto, no, I've never been addicted to crack nor were any members of my family baseballs; and no, I've never had to fight the system for the sake of pride for my culture. Fishbone lives/loves this shit daily...the reality of their surroundings.

The band realized what they were up against with the crowd at the Commodore so they played music. The ceremonies were kicked off with "Skunkin' To The Beat" off the *Say Anything* soundtrack and the theme for the night was evident. It didn't take long for things to heat up—both tempo and crowd response at an equally high ratio—and this was due mainly to the antics of

Angelo Moore (vocalist, horns, cane). Just to keep people on their guard, trombones were periodically tossed into the audience (and were later found in several pieces) as were members of the group. Chris Dowd (keyboard, vocals, deade) was the first to take to the air and rail was followed during "Gonna Have A Good Time" by Angelo. In a frantic change-up Mr. Moore pitched himself into the crowd and then requested "ake me to the back, y'all. Take me to the back." So, he proceeded to roll from hand to hand held high above heads to the back of the Commodore where he climbed to the balcony (a stunt made famous at New York's Roxxy) and worked the lights for a while.

Once Angelo resumed his position as frontman on stage and heads weren't swivelling from front to back, the band capped the evening with a not-too-surprising, way-too-tight ska-fest which could have lasted in to the wee small hours of the morning. But, to the chagrin of us all, Fishbone gigs must come to an end only so we can look forward to the next one.

Encores were served, the band left in their Raiders jackets and we all stampeded through the coatcheck, Cincinnati style, into the brisk, drizzly reality of our surroundings.

Scouter

Sybil
Zip Gun
Love Battery
Saturday 18 January

Apparently the first band, Death/Folk from Los Angeles, missed their Greyhound tour bus that was supposed to come up to Vancouver to open the night's showcase trio of Seattle based bands.

"We're called Sybil and we don't bite!" This was the calling card throughout most of Sybil's set the band composed of "three chicks and two dicks." The most interesting highlight of this band was the lead singer's enthusiasm which was displayed with a mixture of scream-

ing vocals and her giddy, school girl girlishness. However, I do think this band has some potential. You can pick up their debut 7" on eMpTy records at your local rekkid store. This was the second time that I had seen Zip Gun and WOW it was twice as good! Let's face it these guys kick ass! Their music is jumpin' fast and energetic as Hell! The best song they played was "Together Dumb" which is also on their new 7" single along with "Cool in the Cell" on eMpTy records. Pick it up - it rocks!

Last and Least Love Battery

entered the stage with a wall of guitar and an attitude to match, that stayed with them for most of the show. It seemed as a result of this, the set wasn't as cohesive or enjoyable as it should have been. The band is still very talented musically, and hopefully their new album "Day Gln" and their 7" released on Sub-Pop will convince myself and others that Love Battery will get the recognition and attention it may deserve.

Mary Hosick

Ned's Atomic Dustbin
Lung
Commodore Ballroom
Wednesday 22 January

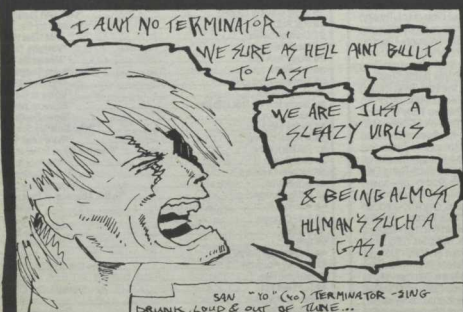
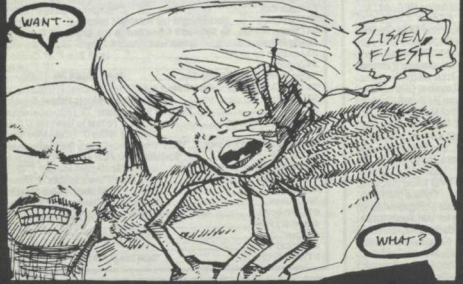
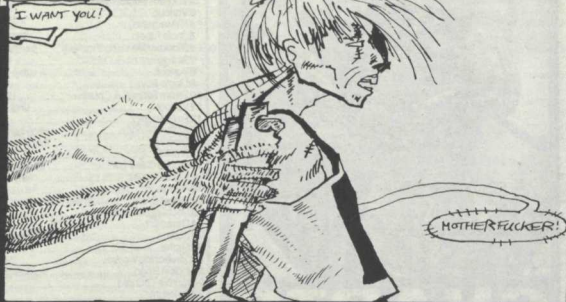
If you've heard Ned's Atomic Dustbin's "Kill Your Television," then you've basically heard everything they've done—because it all sounds the same! The show was the most boring concert I've ever been to...dull, dull, dull! Stage presence for the Neddies consisted of thrashing around while tossing their long hair. Yep, they were a generic British pop band with their two bassists and driving guitar.

The evening was best summed up by my friend Mark who, in retaliation for being poked and prodded by a bored reviewer, stuck his gum on my arm and then popped it back into his mouth with an evil grin. Then, in a gesture that was awesomely fitting, he squished his gum onto the side of Ned's Atomic Dustbin's tour bus. One of Life's simple pleasures.

Jane Scudeler

photo by Kai Korinith







SUNDAYS

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM The newest news music and information on concerts, recordings, and composers with host Ian Cutchley.

THE BRUNCH REPORT 12:00-12:15PM News, sports, weather and more with the CIR News, Sports and Weather Departments.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:15-3:00PM Hosts: George Barlett and Mike Cherry. Reggae into all styles and fashion. Dancehall, Dub, Roots, Lover-rock, Rock Steady, Ska and beyond!

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-6:30PM All the day's news, weather and sports, and a feature. Hosted by Helen G.

MAKING OUT THE NIGHT OFF 6:00-7:00PM Kooky antics, current, interview issues. Joe Jackson, Pinko, Joe-1, Hellbender, and your cool recasters. Hosted by Karen Toddington and Lloyd Ullana.

GEETANJALI 9:00-10:00PM Geetanjali is a new one-hour radio show which features a wide range of music from India. This includes classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the 1990s, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Bhangra, Folk Songs, etc. Hosted by Jyoti Dhar and Pradeep Kumar Nandam.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nip Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think twice. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KFJC (Los Altos, California).

MONDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW WITH CIR Morning Show All the news, sports and weather you need to start your day. Plus what's happening at UBC each day with UBC Digest, a feature interview and more. Topped off with the BBC World Service News at 8:00AM, live from London, England. Hosted by Ian Gunn and Anjlie Rauwerda.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Join your favourite brown-skinned James and Peter offer a scrumptious blend of the familiar and exotic in an excitingly lush blend of soul delights! Tune in and enjoy each

tribute to one of America's best loved presidents.

17th: "Hope Meets Foster" with a Quartet and Quintet led by pianist-composer and jazz legend Elmo Hope and bass tenor saxophonist Frank Foster...is one of Gravin's all-time favourite albums. He'll tell you why tonight. Not to be missed!

24th: Miles Davis and his revolutionary Quintet of the mid-60ties with Wayne Shorter (tenor saxophone) and Herbie Horowitz (piano) et al. This never before issued concert performance will give you a better idea of how this band really sounded just before Miles changed direction. Recorded in Paris in June, 1967.

TUESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Anjlie Rauwerda and Ian Gunn.

MADONNA DEATH WATCH 8:15-11:00 AM Threatened by their decreasing lifespan of 15-year old girls, the Jiggle Boys are flexing their death metal muscles. We laugh. We'll send you a love letter. Do you know what a love letter is? It's a bullet from gun, fucker Madonna Death Watch. Don't take this as a Mean threat.

DOG'S BREAKFAST 11:00AM-1:00PM Dog's breakfast. 1. A mess. Love Glasgow (1934). 2. Confusion: turn-of-millennium. 1935. Tune in for best pandemonium, history and fairy tales - with your exultant hostess Helen G.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 1:15-3:00PM Country music to scrape the cowbird off your boots. With yer hot pole Jai Gray.

LIVE FROM VENUS 3:00-5:00PM Women-made music and stuff, hosted by Jane Riley.

THE REAL DEAL 6:00-8:00PM "It ain't rap then you know it's crap." -Easy-E. Hardcore rap with your hardcore rap host Tori T.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Dennis Dwyer and David Sawyer. Videos some insight into the best and the worst of the newest Canadian music.

AVANT-GUARD 9:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays with Wolf at the Door. Now three hours of funky ambient noise piggy with Pete Lufwyche.

WOLF AT THE DOOR 9:00PM-12:00AM Alternating Tuesdays with Avant-Guard. The latest in dance music and interesting dance every second week. With Lupus Yonderboy.

AURAL TENTACLES MIDNITE UNTIL THE MOON DROPS Fun for the whole family to enjoy. Heard tales of new ideas, old pieces of luggage, Pierre and the 2AM WWOOF.

WEDNESDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Ian Gunn and Anjlie Rauwerda.

SOULCURIER 12:00-1:00PM That program where we play for you the best of the African-Canadian, African-American gospel music tradition. Your host is in a hurry, Dave Langille.

NOOLEY TUNES 1:15-3:00PM Spinning the best and worst of CIR's playlist, these new original requests will be remotely considered. Emphasis will be on new new new material from around the world, regardless of musical classification.

NORMAN'S FOLK 3:00-5:00PM This month's feature: "Sun Angel Run" starring William Smith as a realbad pirate. Music by Torrey Wynette.

NO INTERMISSION 5:30-6:00PM Addressing the drama, theatre, film and arts communities. With Anjlie Rauwerda.

HANFORD NUCLEAR PIZZA PIE 6:00-7:00PM Alaska? Maybe. BC? Yep. Washington? Yep. Oregon? Yep. California? Uh...maybe. Pacific Northwest? Jinx. Yep. Yep. Rowena? Yep.

JIGGLE 7:00-9:00PM A new hero has dawned. Gov "The Impaler" Brown and Mike "The Houndboy" Lyons are fighting for supercock in the medieval arena of manliness against the limp wrimps on Madonna Death Watch. Death will be too kind as we grind, grind, and those Goggaheads into submission and ultimately take their women folk as the rightful prize. And oh yeah, surfs up dude.

ENTERTAINMENT 9:00-12:00PM Model Amplification. Radio. Which do you think tastes better? Coke or Pepsi. We don't fucking care! Radio that believes in confusion, freedom and the concept of sudden evolution. Dedicated to solving of the world's problems. Featuring **LIVE FROM THE INNER STATION** the first Wednesday of every month. An altered approach to music performed live for radio. Feb. 5th: *No Boundary Condition* explore "The Bullshit War", tune in. Home Taping is encouraged. Move beyond the old obsessions.

CORALATION 12:00-4:00AM I love Canada. Yip. Canadian music with Coral.

THURSDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Anjlie Rauwerda and Ian Gunn.

A VOICE OF DISSENT 1:00-3:00PM Dissonance. Dissonance. Dissonance. The world is broken and it can't fix it. The world chooses and we sit in it. Drink deep the blood that fills your gut, throw the rest into the pig pot. No time to save it for some future other, there's much less tedious tasks, so why bother? Quick and easy, ready to go, take-out delivery, why cook at home? You should wrap your face in a sarong wrap. People die fast, the earth dies slow, conscious lesions and microwaved styrofoam.

The conventional radio listener should not waste their time here, so many crazythings get all thrown together, the poets, the liars, the musical experimenters. Send me a tape of your poetry/spoken word/sound collage.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 3:00-5:00PM —JINX— —CORE—

RED HOT AND BLUE 8:00-9:00PM Roots music, rhythm and blues, rock n' roll, and who knows what, hosted by Jiggle.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBOLD RADIO HEL 9:00-11:00PM Local music from 9. Live bands from 10.

ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOISE 11:00PM-1:00AM 100% Canadian industrial noise. Noise with four-dimensional psycho-acoustic interactivity. Practitioner: Peter Courmachee.

MEGABLAST 1 AM-WHEN U STOP LISTENING —MINI— minimalism. adomnoblom is responsible.

FRIDAYS

THE MORNING SHOW 7:30-8:15AM Hosted by Ian Gunn and Anjlie Rauwerda.

THE NOIZ SHOW 2:30-3:30, 4:00-5:00PM Adam Noiz! Sloan Noiz!

NARDWAR! THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-4:00PM YOU the listener have the ultimate control. YOU can turn off the radio. YOU can make your opinions heard, but YOU must realize Nardwar and the Grand Duchesse of Cal Crime, Cleopatra Von Ruffenstein are only your friends.

THE CITR DINNER REPORT 5:00-5:20PM With "The Voice of Reason," our weekly book back at the week in the news, longues finis in check!

THE THUNDERBOLD PREVIEW 5:20-6:30PM The Sports Department's preview of what'll be going down this weekend is broken and it can't fix it. The world chooses and we sit in it. Drink deep the blood that fills your gut, throw the rest into the pig pot. No time to save it for some future other, there's much less tedious tasks, so why bother? Quick and easy, ready to go, take-out delivery, why cook at home? You should wrap your face in a sarong wrap. People die fast, the earth dies slow, conscious lesions and microwaved styrofoam.

FOR THE RECORD 6:30-6:45PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's Radio Free America Series.

HOMEBAAS 9:00PM-12:30AM Dance jams and fresh beats for a groovy evening with DJ Noah on the wheels of steel.

LIMP SLIP 12:30AM-Morning The stupified motion explained that the half-heart rantings of a man

with no knee has good cause to suffer from bugs in his lungs:

7th - Intellectual Terror of Thy Don Tree Suga.

14th - Insect malling habits and oddities.

21st - Using shaving cream as a cologne.

23rd - The Jewish Ethiopian Jewish Shachwele Left-handed farmers that can't pronounce their "S" properly.

SATURDAYS

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Vancouver's biggest and best acoustic/folk/rock radio show. Now in its 6th year, on CIR Roots Radio.

POWERCHORD 12:15-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show: local/dome tapes, imports and other ruffies. Gerald Rattlehead and Melis Don do the damage.

IN EFFECT 3:00-5:00PM The Hip-Hop/Beat and ruffin' buff. With hosts B. Jam and PDS.

THE SATURDAY MAGAZINE 5:00-6:30PM UBC's weekend news. All the latest news, sports, weather, a movie review, feature report and more. News with Kit Dinsdale. Doug Richards has sports.

THE AFRICAN SHOW 8:00-10:00PM It's a music thing from "Africa". It's an awareness thing of self and others. It's an African house party. Styles, music, dance fun. Welcome! Your host: Umehar.

GROOVE JUMPING 10:00PM-12:00AM Loud, fast and aging rapidly. It's not just a name it's a way of life. Drink beer and listen to it loud...we do! Hosts Terry Holland and John Yarnes to Rock and Roll the way it's supposed to be done.

SOMETHING 1:00-4:00PM Ambient two hour whatever the this is cool for four or four and a half hours and then pen on a CD and go to sleep. The home of the lounge unless you decide to drive home.

ACCESS CIR provides free airtime for Community Access by groups and individuals wishing to share some thoughts with our listeners. If you or your group would like to say something to someone somewhere, please call the Program Director at 822-3017.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
06 ARE YOU SERIOUS MUSIC 11 ROCKERS SHOW 12 THE NEW BEST ARGOS SHOW 13 SONIC 14 BOXER 15 NUS FLY 16 GERTIANI 17 ONE STEP BEYOND 18 FREE AMERICA	06 BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 11 STUPID RADIO 12 MEKANICAL OBJECT NOZE 13 LIVE FROM VENUS 14 REAL DEAL 15 UNHEARD MUSIC 16 WOLF/PIG 17 GROOVE JUMPING 18 AURAL TENTACLES	06 MADONNA DEATH WATCH 11 DOG'S BREAKFAST 12 BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 13 LIVE FROM NORMAN'S KITCHEN 14 REAL DEAL 15 UNHEARD MUSIC 16 WOLF/PIG 17 GROOVE JUMPING 18 AURAL TENTACLES	06 SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC 11 FLAMING CAT 12 SOL NOIZ 13 NOOLEY TUNES 14 NORMAN'S KITCHEN 15 HNP 16 JIGGLE 17 ENTER AIN MENT 18 OPEN COUNTRY JOY/CORAL ATION	06 SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC 11 FLAMING CAT 12 SOL NOIZ 13 NOOLEY TUNES 14 NORMAN'S KITCHEN 15 HNP 16 JIGGLE 17 ENTER AIN MENT 18 OPEN COUNTRY JOY/CORAL ATION	06 GUMBO RADIO 11 INDOORUS 12 TOP OF THE NOZZ 13 ABC123 14 EYEWATER 15 NOZ ONE/ NARDWAR 16 NOZ TWO 17 DARYL AND SUZI 18 HOME BASS 19 TIMP 20 MEGA BLAST!	06 THE SATURDAY EDGE 11 POWER CHORD 12 IN EFFECT 13 HEALIN' HOUR 14 AFRICAN SHOW 15 GROOVE JUMPING 16 SOME THING 17 SINK

SUN 9 Amanda Hughes, Paleface and Oh Yeah at Hyatt Regency Ballroom...Yweza at Cafe Django... Celebrating Black History Month: Lady Marshall and Mary Lou Williams: Music on My Mind (7:30pm) and Black Women of Brazil and Gotta Make This Journey: Sweet Honey in the Rock (9:30pm) at the Cinematheque... Uranus (7:30pm & 9:35pm) at the Ridge... Gandhi at the Park (2pm)... Liebestraum (7pm & 9:15pm) at the Starlight

THU 20 CTR Classics Thursday at the PR Pub... Cat's Game record release party with FYF and Cordokla at the Croft Elephant... Stinger's Hornets at the Railway... Maurice Young at the Yale... Elmore James at Maxiumum Blues Pub... Canada... & Country: 50 Years of Independent Film & Video: Catchable

Trio at the WISE Hall... harpdog Brown & the Bloodcounds at Maximum Blues Pub... Banquet Room Dance at the Freide Lounge... Representation, Memory and Desire: Recent British Black Cinema: A Lesson in History, Black Skins White Masks, Who Stole the Soul?, Territories and Omega Rising: Woman of Rastafari with introduction by Maureen Blackwood (7:15pm) at the Cinematheque... Other People's Money (7:30pm) and The War of the Roses (8:30pm) at the Eldon... Akira (7pm) and Lonesome (8:30pm) at the

Feb. 1-2 **Grammy award inner and harmonica player for the Rolling Stones SUGAR BLUE**
Feb. 3 **OLIVER AND THE ELEMENTS**
Feb. 4-8 **JAMES HARMAN BAND**
Feb. 10 **OLIVER AND THE ELEMENTS**
Feb. 11-15 **GUITAR SHORTY w/ THE DEMONS**
Feb. 17 **OLIVER AND THE ELEMENTS**
Feb. 18-22 **from Chicago MAURICE VAUGHAN**
Feb. 24 **OLIVER AND THE ELEMENTS**
Feb. 25-29 **from Chicago EDDY CLEARWATER**
Mar. 2-4 **MIKE JACOBS BAND**

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Velvet Crush

- In the Presence of Greatness

If you grooved to Teenage Fanclub's "Bandwagonesque" and are also a fan of The Smashing Pumpkins, you'll love this release from Rhode Island's Velvet Crush. Produced by Mathew Sweet - Staff recommendation. IMPORT

Saint Etienne

- Foxbase Alpha

Like a shortwave broadcast from another continent comes Saint Etienne. Imagine 808 State fronted by Petula Clark and you get an idea of what's contained on Foxbase Alpha. Includes a reworking of Neil Young's "Only Love Can Break Your Heart" and their other UK single release "Nothing Can Stop Us".

Bongwater

- The Big Sellout

New York scene -sters Kramer and the lovely Ann Magnuson (of TV's Anything But Love fame) have released a record that picks up where 1991's "The Power of Pussy" left off. Kick back the easy chair, fire up the bong, and relax. IMPORT

Slowdive

- Just For A Day

This long-awaited debut release from the UK's Slowdive can be favourably compared to Chapterhouse and My Bloody Valentine. "Like a strange substance, without the risk" says their record company. "Just for a Day" is liable to pull you down and take you up all within the space of a single song.

Various Artists

- Teriyaki Asthma Vol1-5

From Seattle's C/Z records comes "Teriyaki Asthma", a compilation of limited edition 7" singles previously unavailable in any other format. Containing hard to find cuts from bands such as L7, Babes in Toyland, Nirvana, Coffin Break, Frighlight, etc. All your favorites in one easy to handle package! IMPORT

Cranes

- Wings of Joy

As the UK's Melody Maker says, "one of the most peculiar and honest releases of the last decade". As the staff of Zulu says "one of the most requested releases since Primal Scream." IMPORT

Afghan Wigs

- Congregation

The 'wigs are in town on Feb. 7th at the Cruel Elephant to play songs from their blistering new album on Sub-Pop records. '91's "Up On It" was one of the great overlooked releases from last year, so don't let such a fate happen to this one. IMPORT

Sebadoh

- III

This band was formed by ex-Dinosaur Jr. member Lou Barlow, but don't expect any guitar heroics. The 23 intensely personal songs contained herein will make your blood race in a much different way. Released on Boston's Homestead Records. IMPORT

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■ The Slits
■ The Generators
■ The Disfrags
■ Active Dog
■ Big
■ The Shades
■ The Painted Sticks
■ Private School
■ The Subhumans
■ Young Canadians
■ Female Hands
■ U-2045
■ The Modernettes

■ Inez
■ AKA
■ Secret V's
■ Tim Ray
■ Corange
■ Popular Font
■ 54-60
■ The Scissors
■ Los Populares
■ Moral Lepers
■ The Engmas
■ The Actionants
■ Family Plot
■ Romanzeno
■ The Work Party
■ Bolero Lava

■ I. Brainerd
■ Go Four 3
■ Animal Slaves
■ Brilliant Orange
■ Slow
■ Shanghai Dog
■ No Fun
■ Cannon Heath Down
■ Lest Durangos
■ Herald Mix
■ Poisoned
■ Bob's Your Uncle
■ Rhythm Mission
■ The Scramblers
■ Overhaul Seven
■ The Hip Type



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